

6762

THE DIAL.

Vol. I.

JUNE, 1860.

No. 6.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST.

[Sixth Article.]

THE INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER OF JESUS.

JESUS plainly belonged to that class of minds which manifest genius under its highest form — minds largely gifted with the intuitive faculty, capable of indicating the primal laws, and of stating the fundamental axioms of thought. What Plato was in the department of metaphysics, what Kepler and Newton were in the region of astronomy, what in the realm of the human heart was Shakspeare, that was Jesus in morals and religion. He was a Seer whose clear eye gazed into the vast expanse of Truth, and saw, as through no misty atmosphere, but immediately, the central principles and ruling orbs of the spiritual world, as plainly as the keenest vision sees the stars. He dealt with abstract and absolute ideas, and these he enunciated in the simplest and most comprehensive form. Not as private opinions, but as universal facts; not as human thoughts, but as divine things; not as what his intellect believed, but as what his soul knew. With the relations of Truth in detail he concerned himself little. Its more minute and specific applications did not interest him. The oracles of Wisdom which he utters, the practical intellect must interpret and transmute into serviceable common sense as it can. "I say unto you that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." "Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed

like one of these." "If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And not one of them falleth to the ground without your Father. Fear ye not, therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows." These are great thoughts, simple and profound. They are not reasoned out in their evidence. They are not explained in their practical relations. They are not recommended by proofs. They are simply affirmed as verities, independently of all proof. They are necessary and universal Truths.

Minds of this class, eminent for the vividness and depth of their intuitions, do not often excel in the department of what we call the Intellect, whose function it is to reduce sentiments to ideas, and ideas to systems. They are commonly defective in logical faculty which gives form to Truth, and are but poorly supplied with the rules, methods, formularies, and dialectic processes, by which abstract propositions are wrought into shape and made tangible as digested science to the common understanding of men. They can generalize better than they can analyze. The Prophet is rarely a logician. The Poet and the Critic are not always nor frequently united in the same person. Indeed, the pure Reason and the analytical Intellect seem, in their perfect development and full action, to be incompatible with each other. They demand different organizations and different culture. One needs a finer texture of brain, a more delicate and responsive nervous system, than the other. The Seer loves the solitude of meditation; he communes with his own thoughts, cherishes his imaginations, lives in his dreams. He cares little for books, neglecting all save the writings of inspired Prophets, and the oracles of the Poets. He cares little for men, but loves best to be alone on the mountain top or the wilderness, where he can meet the Eternal Spirit face to face. The Theologian must possess an educated intellect, vigorous, agile, discerning, a mind well versed in the history of opinions, richly stored with erudition, free from prejudice, and independent in judgment. These in sufficient measure are all the qualifications requisite for the duties of dogmatist or professor.

But the *Revealer of Truth* needs nothing but the prophetic soul. He requires no academic training. On many accounts he is better without the cramping logic and the cumbrous lore. The critical apparatus will not aid his eye-sight. Books of hermeneutics will not

furnish him with wings. The rules of criticism will not facilitate his spiritual movements. The qualities essential to him are a lofty and lucid Reason, in whose serene vault primitive ideas and central principles shine like moons ; a heart warm, true, and deep ; a conscience delicate, quick, and responsive to the faintest suggestions of good ; a will that never consciously swerves from perfect rectitude, but with persuasive force compels every form of passion to be obedient to the holy law of God ; and a sensibility of religious feeling that makes the soul tremulous under every movement of the Divine Spirit. Such a person will see Truth as with the naked eye ; he will be guided to it by sympathy ; he will grasp it by an instinct of Faith ; he will declare it with words of authority, not as some private opinion of his own, but as the living Word of the Eternal. Spiritual verities come through the spiritual nature, through the heart, the conscience, the soul. They are profound convictions, certain knowledge, which the Theologian, according to his ability, must submit to sharp analysis, resolve into its parts, and array as doctrine. Take as an illustration the idea and the dogma respecting God. The idea of God as the First Cause, infinite and absolute, is a universal fact of Reason. We find it unaccountably in our soul, and deeper, stronger, clearer, as our soul is finely organized and fully developed. This uncreated idea, abstract and vast, the heart invests with its dearest sentiments and its tenderest affections, the conscience robes it in its divinest conceptions of truth, the religious spirit crowns it with mercy and loving kindness, does homage to it as the supremely good and fair, and regards the Being it represents as the living substance of all perfection. Thus Faith beholds God ; knows Him ; looks upon His face ; lives in His presence. *God is.* His Being is the absolute fact of the world. His attributes are the real energies of all that is beautiful and good. But this pure sentiment, this simple idea, becomes wonderfully complicated when it falls under the eye of the critical understanding. Its unity at once falls to pieces. It is discussed — that is to say, it is shaken apart. The Intellect starts questions like these : Does God exist in Trinity, or in simple Unity ? Is His “being” at all affected by his “becoming ?” Is He immanent in the world, or permanent, or transient ? How can He reveal Himself ? How is His personality compatible with His absoluteness ? Does His foreknowledge predestinate, and if so, what is its relation to human will ? Is His action on the universe

of matter mediate or immediate? Is His providence general and particular, or is it also special? How is His perfect justice to be reconciled with His perfect love? How can He pardon a sinner, how can He punish one?

These, and a multitude of similar questions, the Intellect is compelled to urge. Hence arise various theologies; various opinions and dogmas respecting God, not in the least affecting man's *faith* in God, but serving to render Him intelligible to the understanding, and bringing Him within the compass of discourse.

Now, it is evident that here are two quite separate functions: the function of Faith, which presents to us Truth in its absolute form and substance; and the function of Intellect, which renders this primitive Word into doctrines.

It must be evident, then, that one may have a perfect faith in God, and yet be unable to give an intelligible account of his faith. He may feel the living Deity in every movement of his heart; may pray to Him, trust Him, love Him, obey Him, reveal Him in daily conduct, speak of Him in tones of solemn earnestness that might impress even a thoughtless mind; and yet he may be perplexed by the simplest questions about the nature of Deity, be unable to apprehend the very plainest distinctions, and be utterly at a loss in attempting to communicate to another mind, in any adequate or definite form of words, the separate thoughts which are so vital to his experience.

On the other hand, a person may be a master of scholastic disputation, thoroughly acquainted with the mysteries of metaphysics, able to analyze, refine and distinguish, to deduce, to demonstrate, and to dissect, until the whole matter, cleared of obscurity, is laid out in syllogism and formula, and yet be wholly without faith in the living God, lacking all pious sentiment towards Him, and enjoying no knowledge or spiritual vision of Him whatever.

Nor is this all. It may happen that a person's faith is directly contradicted by his belief; or, as the common saying is, one may believe better than he knows. Faith may be fresh, and progressive, while opinion is fixed and dead. Reason may be awake and free, while Intellect is still cumbered with error, and trammelled with tradition. The Soul may range over the entire domain of the spiritual world, while the understanding is helplessly entangled among the briars and creepers that infest the common earth. And this discrepancy between the intuitive point and the critical mind

usually continues for many years, and frequently is never abolished. How often it is the case that one who loves God with the whole heart, to whom God is all that is pure, sweet, gracious, and forgiving; who can weep on His heart, and come to Him like a child in the darkest hour of sorrow and sin, will nevertheless *describe* God in language expressive only of gloom and fear. Faith's Father is Dogma's Dæmon. The grace which the heart welcomes, the understanding declares is unattainable, save to the "elect." The righteousness which the holiest reveres, becomes hideous when explained by the theologian's logic as inexorable and pitiless law. People, and profoundly pious people too, will speak of God as a Being of perfect love, and in the same breath insist upon it that He condemns those whom death finds impenitent, to the horrors of everlasting perdition. We must often deplore such contrasts as these. But they are natural—they are unavoidable; for experience as well as reflection teaches us that the swift and free spirit easily outstrips the lagging understanding, and in proportion to its elevation and its range, breaks through the boundaries of definition and the limitations of logic, and drags on the blundering intelligence as best it can. After all, the man who suffers through the want of intellectual training alone is an infinitely nobler person than the man who suffers through the want of spiritual discernment. It is immeasurably better to be able to feel God truly, than to be able to talk about Him exactly; to have an entire faith in Deity, than to have an ingenious theory of Deity. In the former case, God will be revealed to men in spite of stammering tongue and incoherent speech. In the latter case, God will not be revealed at all: only the name of God will glide with glib movement over the frozen surface of the thoughts.

Applying what has now been said, perhaps at needless length, to Jesus, it will be conceded that his highest mission did not require intellectual perfection, and that any defects that may be discovered in his logical understanding do not necessarily detract from his personal dignity or his prophetic wisdom. Jesus was uneducated, according to our standard, and of course was destitute of the advantages which education alone bestows. He had not enjoyed even the teaching of the rabbins, poor as that was. Whence should he learn logic? Whence should he get instruction in regard to the laws of thought? Do dialectics come by intuition? Does the Holy Spirit give lessons in criticism? Jesus

was uneducated. Of course, he was ignorant in some things, in some he was prejudiced, in some he was mistaken. A brief examination of one or two of his speculative views will show him to have been so. Having accepted the first Gospel as containing our only authentic information respecting Jesus, we must, of course, seek his opinions there, taking the book as we find it, and interpreting the language fairly. We may wish that some things we read were omitted, and that some things which are omitted could be supplied. But there is the Book. We must take it as it is, neither adding nor subtracting aught. It is not for the student to misinterpret or evade. It is not for the believer persistently or perversely to discover his own sentiments in the New Testament, and then to protest that he believes with Christ, when in fact he makes Christ believe with him. This kind of interpretation, "Whose problem is not simply to gather an author's thought from his words, but from among all *true* thoughts to find the one that will sit the least uneasily under his words," has too long been the opprobrium of English theology. "No doubt," says a brilliant writer,* "many good and well-instructed men have persuaded themselves that by such exegetical sleight-of-hand they could save apostolic and other infallibility. We can only say that when piety supplies the motive, and learning the means, for bewildering veracity of apprehension, two rich and noble endowments are spent in corrupting a nobler, which is the life of them both."

Let us first examine the expressed beliefs of Jesus respecting God. To that filial heart God appeared as the sum of all spiritual perfection. Faith in God was remarkably clear and firm; *conviction* of the Divine reality was as absolute as the truth itself; *feeling* of the Divine Spirit was deep, trusting, and tender, almost beyond expression. Jesus seems to have thought and purposed, to have lived, moved, and had his being in God. God was to him Law, and Light, and Love. In this elevation of soul what blessed words fall from his lips. God is no awful, jealous Jehovah, but the "Father celestial," who "maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." He is "ready to give good things to them that ask him." He sees the deed that is done in secret, and heeds the unuttered prayer. He reveals himself to the pure in heart; the peace-makers are his

*Martineau, *Westminster Review* for January, 1852, p. 109.

children. But He has compassion, even better than love, for the erring who are penitent, and for the guilty who implore. "Love your enemies," says Jesus; "bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven." God is everywhere, extending His care to the smallest thing. "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father." "The very hairs of your heads are all numbered." It was a saintly spirit that out of its joyous trustfulness could say, "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat and what ye shall drink, nor for your body what ye shall put on." "If God so clothe the grass of the field which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." It was a truly child-like spirit that could discover the Divine glory and graciousness in the lilies and the grass, and could reason from their delicate but guarded beauty to the Providence which oversees human life. The Father's ear is perpetually open to His children's cry. Nothing could be more beautiful than words like these: "Ask, and it shall be given unto you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." One who could speak thus must have had himself a natural father and mother; for how could he have learned the meaning of those dear words, save in a human frame?

But faith in God is manifested by actions better than by words; and judged by this sign, the faith of Jesus stands unparalleled, as yet, and unapproached. He whose benignant presence was a breathing benediction upon all that met him; he who could speak compassionately to the adulteress,* and could extend his comforting and healing sympathy to all, without distinction of nation, sect, class or condition—through this universal kindness did but express his conviction that the Heavenly Father likewise blessed all His creatures; that He pitied the guilty, and was long suffering towards the sinful; that He, too, knew no distinction of persons, but could love all alike. We can not doubt, therefore, that Christ's

* According to Fabricius, the story of the adulteress, told in the eighth chapter of John, and decided to be unguine there, occurred in the "Gospel of the Ebionites," which is supposed, and not without reason, to have been the original of our Matthew.

feeling towards God was wonderfully pure, and that his faith in God was absolutely perfect. But this beautiful sentiment seems never to have become exact philosophy. And when we take up Christ's intellectual apprehension, or dogmatic theory of God, we feel painfully its inadequacy to convey a feeling so pure and simple. For example, the intelligent belief in an Infinite God, infinite in power, in wisdom, and in goodness, seems inconsistent with such a belief in Satan as was entertained by the Jews; for the admission of a spirit essentially evil into the economies of the universe in a measure qualifies every one of the Divine attributes. The realm allotted to the Devil must be snatched from the dominion of God. That portion of the world, like the castle of an insurgent baron, is not actually in the Lord's possession, and is even fortified against his approach. There is a Power that can maintain itself against the Supreme, which therefore is no longer Supreme. A king, one-half whose empire is in a state of permanent and successful revolt, is neither omnipotent nor omniscient. Now Jesus, so far as we can judge, believed in this Evil Spirit. Not only when he may be accommodating himself to popular opinions, but when he must be supposed to enunciate his own, he asserts, or at least never so much as by implication denies the existence of a personal Power of Malignity, a dark and dangerous Being, who disputed with God the empire of the earth. The least ambiguous proofs of this occur in the third Gospel, but in the first Gospel they are not wanting. The Prince of Evil is called Satan, Devil, Beelzebub, the Wicked One, and most of the hellish attributes are ascribed to him. "Then was brought unto Jesus one possessed with a devil, blind and dumb, and he healed him;" and said, "If Satan cast out Satan, he is divided against himself: how then shall his kingdom stand?"—Matt. xvi. 22-26. "When any one heareth the word of the kingdom, and understandeth it not, then cometh the Wicked One and catcheth away that which was sown in his heart."—xiii. 19. "He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man; the field is the world; the good seed are the children of the Kingdom; the tares are the children of the Wicked One; the enemy that sowed them is the Devil; the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels."—xiii. 38, 39. If the belief in Satan had not prevailed among the Jews, in the time of Christ, we might say that he merely made use, as a poet, of figurative language. But since the words that are put into his mouth

express a belief which was commonly entertained, even by the wise and learned and pious of that age, we have no right to say that when Jesus used them, as in the cases cited above, he meant something else, or meant nothing. We have no right to presume that while he employed the popular speech, he discarded the popular prejudice.

It was during the Persian Captivity that the Jews, as appears from books produced after the Exile, adopted the *dæmonology* of the East, and found a place for evil spirits in the order of Providence. In the Apocryphal writings the existence of "*dæmons*" is a fact assumed. They are described as dwelling in desolate and ruinous places. They have intercourse with men, and possess them, and can only by occult agencies be expelled. One of them, a lustful *dæmon*, occupies the body of a beautiful maid and kills her seven husbands on the marriage-night. These *dæmons* were not supposed to be the departed spirits of evil men, which were allowed to haunt the earth and disturb the peace of its inhabitants, according to the notion that widely prevails in modern times, and in defence of which the believers in spiritual intercourse have much to say. They were fallen angels, born in heaven and born good, but plunged by their own transgressions into hell. This is the belief that plainly appears in the New Testament, and that is fully stated in the following passage, Matt. xii. 43-46: "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none. Then he saith, I will return into my house from whence I came out; and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept and garnished. Then goeth he and taketh with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there. And the last state of that man is worse than the first." The Jews, in common with other nations, ascribed to the influence of evil spirits the more mysterious and uncontrollable maladies, such as epilepsy, convulsions, paralysis, dumbness, blindness, more especially madness, lunacy, delirium, idiocy, and melancholy. The Jewish physicians or Magi resorted to various methods of exorcism for the restoration of such as were thus afflicted, using incantations, prescribing charms, talismans, and mystic formulas, which evil spirits could not withstand. When the sufferers in this kind are brought to Jesus, he rebukes the spirits and expels them "by his word," always humoring the patient's whim, but apparently, too, sharing in his delusion. Did he share in it? This is

the question. In the absence of any intimation to the contrary, we must presume that he did. And in the whole New Testament there is not a single suggestion, however faint, of any disagreement on this matter between Jesus and his contemporaries. More than this, his own words carry an assent to the popular belief. He bids his disciples "cast out devils" (Matt. x. 8)—quite a needless direction and a barren authority, if he deemed there were no devils to cast out. In a particular case which his followers had been unable to manage, he rebukes them by saying "this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." (See Strauss' *Life of Christ*, vol. ii., p. 241-2. The whole chapter is admirable.) In one place (Matt. xii. 26-29) Christ speaks of a "kingdom" and a "household" of the Devil, in language which one talking figuratively would hardly use.

If we are reluctant to grant that Jesus shared a superstition so fanciful as this,—which, after all, is held to be no superstition to this day by the majority of Christendom,—we must remember that it was the general and deeply rooted persuasion of his age and country. The rabbins believed it as much as the vulgar, as pleasing to the imagination, and suggesting an obvious explanation of the facts of natural and moral evils. How should Jesus question a doctrine that was dear to the popular heart, that was countenanced by the national literature (1 Sam. xvi. 14-23), and that was expounded in the leading schools?

[To be concluded.]

RUDIMENTS.

Must realize his Cant', not cast it off.—JOHN STERLING.

THERE is a vulgar belief that our Revolution conquered for our nation its liberties, and that each generation of Americans inherits a free country. Of course, revolution can no more conquer Freedom for a people than it can conquer scholarship or regeneration for it. All the Americas can not make, of inborn serfs, freemen. It becomes us, therefore, to start from the fact that the phraseology of Freedom is as yet Cant; that the reading of the Declaration of Independence, the celebration of the birthdays of our heroic rebels, the holidays of Radicalism, glorified by Con-

servatism, are Cant. By this I would say, that these, our early traditions, are like the unevoked compositions left by Beethoven, in a score beyond the power of any instruments to which they are given for rendering. Instead of giving us that great music, our orchestra mingles in it the clank of chains and the yelp of the blood-hound. When, again and again, we hold up the luminous page, and say, "This is the score we gave you to execute," the players stammer at first, then, being pressed, honestly say that their instruments can not perform those "glittering generalities," nor the dancers keep step to them.

I fear that the Reformers are hasty in charging dishonesty and hypocrisy where there is disloyalty to Freedom. There is no denying that the truths which Jefferson and Henry declare to be self-evident, are not self-evident at all; they are the last refinements of civilization; not the world's seed nor stem, but it's flower—one, too, whose fragrance is to be inhaled with the flower of the mind. Our fathers had the quick heats of personal oppression and revolution to bring them to this result; but what can we expect of a generation of maggots, the sole ambition of each of which is to be a fatter maggot than the other, and all seeing nothing beyond their special old Stilton? We must begin low enough even with the best. What is the highest position which the Republican party in 1860 can bear? Only that slavery is quite proper where it exists, but very bad where it does not exist! How many of those who fancy themselves friends of Freedom, do we find laying down Wall Street and Kansas land-lots, as the corner-stones of her temple? And surely, to a real freeman, this association with liberty of the advantage of free labor or equal power of the general government, is as low as one who should mingle with vows of love inquiries as to the bulk of his lady's purse, or the extent of the betrothed larder. That brotherhood of freemen, who join hands through all lands and ages, must teach others the *RUDIMENTS*; looking upon professions of devotion to Freedom as Cant,—yet Cant, in which line for line a real face is masked; Cant to which the people must be held fast, until the flood-tide shall come to make it *real*. For this end we must be content to go far down on the dry beach and foster the faintest, feeblest wave that beats in the right direction in every mind; nor despise it because it is not floating ships stranded up by the high-water marks.

— It was in the autumn of one of these late years that I received from an old classmate the following note :

W —, VIRGINIA, Oct. 20.

DEAR C. : — Do come over and see us ! I hear that you have become a fearful Abolitionist, and my wife says she's afraid of you ; but still, come ! That topic shall be sunk in the river Styx.

Yours, as ever,

PHILIP.

Something moved me to comply. A week after, I entered, by the familiar old stage and the same old driver, (always much "tighter" than the reins he held,) the grass-grown streets of one of the oldest towns of Virginia. I found my friend surrounded by the luxuries of a new, neat cottage, and a happy honeymoon, which were shared by an interesting young wife.

The afternoon had passed pleasantly, and we had seated ourselves comfortably beside the glowing hearth ; already deep in memories of old friendships and earlier scenes, forgetful of the chasms by which we were separated, and, as it were, grasping hands once more tightly before a parting, which promised to be for many a long, sad year, we gave ourselves up to the pleasure of the occasion. Then, suddenly, close to the door a sob was heard, — and then, in quick succession, a sob, a groan, and a low voice said, "Oh, my poor Tom !"

The young wife, pale as marble, was at the door in an instant. On opening it a young colored woman stood in view, sobbing violently. She had just heard that her husband, to whom she had been married about two months, had been sold that morning to the far South, by his master, who lived a few miles off. The poor thing was in despair, and sank upon the floor, moaning. My friend's wife knelt down by her, speechless, her arm placed kindly about the neck of the unfortunate. Then came a silence that was mournful, indeed. Presently this young woman, Philip's wife, arose and turned upon us, her face wet with tears, — strode across with the dignity of Rachel, and gave me her hand, — "Now, sir," she cried, "I am not afraid of you ! You see it is all Satan's own ! No, no, dear husband, don't speak to me. I hate it ! hate, hate, hate Slavery ! Go back and tell them all that we are in Sodom ! I will go out into the kitchen and tell every servant to go, go, go — where they shall live in some peace !" And out she rushed, her husband after her. (I think I have preserved the *ipsisima verba* of this Pythoness.)

For a full hour I was left alone with the fire, which burnt without and within, whilst I mused, interrupted only by quick, high voices, which occasionally reached me from another part of the house. At length my friend stepped softly in. He was sorry the scene had occurred; his wife was sorry also; was aware of the weakness she had shown before a stranger; had not been very well, lately; desired to be excused for the rest of the evening. Then followed a pause, broken first by Philip.

"Your Anti-Slavery friends would, I suppose, make much of such an incident as this."

"There are some subjects, it would seem, that the river Styx can not keep down, Philip," I said, wishing him to open and direct the conversation. "There are, I know there are, a great many evils about the system. Many evils beset every position, however well defended, [and here I saw the vision of the young wife, with arm encircling the slave's neck, mingling her tears with hers,] which is outside the protection of the holy mother, Liberty."

My friend gave an equivocal smile.

"Does that sound to you like Cant?"

"I must say it did, a little."

"And yet for this Cant I have untwined so many arms of affection, unclasped so many warm hands which held mine, that I must ask you to believe it something more, Philip!"

"Forgive me," he answered, with a slight tremor in his voice, "I do not mean to distrust you. But, truly, this idea of Liberty seems to me more or less a phantom. I can feel concerned for special cases of oppression and cruelty, and admire special cases of heroic rebellion against injustice and arbitrary power; but Liberty, in itself, is vague: few persons, on earth, are free, and those by no means happiest or most furnished with the means of doing good."

"I might reply to this last remark in the lines of the poet, —

He that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true.

It is as true of an idea as of a man. But pray bear with me whilst I disclose what it is that we mean, and show you that our idea of Liberty is no speculation or enthusiasm, but a positive, historic, and mathematical necessity."

"That is just what I have never seen."

"Observe, then, that it has become an axiom of natural his-

tory, that the higher the organization the greater the freedom. The animals of lowest structure fasten themselves to rocks, or in the river-shallows, for protection; they move about slowly and with difficulty; their lives are at the mercy of external elements, their only escape from which is in the prison of a shell. Each step in the scale of rising life differs from the first only in greater independence of external things by the growth of a stronger self-sustaining apparatus; each higher animal form, as it came forth in the ages, was simply a revolution for Freedom. Thus you see the idea of Liberty is as ancient as the most conservative could desire, and began with the primal pulses of Nature. Is it wonderful that man should inherit it; that what was in the stem should prevail in the fruit? For the naturalist shows us that man's form is the triumph of physical Freedom.

"Now, then, at this point, we enter another sphere—that of man, wherein stratum rises on stratum, with the same old music. Here we find the axiom, *The higher the race, the greater the freedom*. The races of men are classified with regard of their historical efforts toward Freedom, and the false assertion of the ignorant concerning the lowest races, that *they are fit only to be slaves*, reveals that this is the test of higher and lower. We say of the Anglo-Saxon, he is highest, because he has never submitted to be a slave. The Jew in Palestine is a nobler man than the Jew in Egypt.

"Then we pass into a higher formation,—into inward and spiritual life. Thought is thought by reason of Freedom. The structural bondage of the animal to the earth is an outer sign of the inner trammel to animal instincts; but an animal which should show that it could act as a free agent, from rational and conscientious motives, would be human, though a quadruped, and would be so recognized; and, on the other hand, if any one, apparently human, shows that he is unemancipated from the animal, he can not be treated as a freeman,—such being the case with idiots and criminals. Moral, intellectual, and personal Freedom are, then, as essential conditions of any true, upright manhood, as the preservation of the centre of gravity is essential to the upright posture of the body.

"And so upward, quite through the Universe, runs the law. All superiority, heroism, genius, are but greater Freedom; that is, they are the results of extreme individuality, which is Freedom. This progress of animal forms, from the imprisonment of a mol-

lusk to the liberty of man, is at the same time a progress from without *inward*; the sun and air were the nerves of the jelly-fish, but the fish has nerves gathered in independent centres; the shell of the oyster is absorbed into the skeleton of the reptile. What else is genius but the latest workings of this law, where the mind *originates* ideas, whereas lower minds fasten on others as barnacles? What else is character than self-sustaining force, in contrast with servility and conventionality?

"For this reason I spoke to you of Liberty as the holy mother of all earthly good. I speak but the refrain of the chorus of all the best men who have lived; for not one great man is known in history who has not, in some form, borne witness in favor of Freedom. The early Christians had a motto, *Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is Liberty*; the old British bards were named, *Those who are free throughout the world*; the mission of America, on earth, is to realize the full glory of these words: *All men are created free and equal*! For of all these, Liberty has been, and is the miracle-working Genius."

* * * * *

A few years have passed since this night. My friend lived on and gave no sign. Recently he died; and the following is the substance of a note received from his wife: "Perhaps it would please you to know that, by his will, Philip has emancipated his slaves. I think the lesson of poor Sally, which occurred during your visit, was never lost upon him. When he was dying, he took the hands of both our little boys and mine, and said, 'Dear Margaret, teach them as I had intended to do had I lived—to live for Freedom and hate Slavery, at any cost.' These were his last words."

I have concluded that I have been too often impatient of *rudiments*—to which, in this case, I was led by personal feeling. Have you not been so also, brother? I have somewhere read a fine German epigram of the witless man, who, when fortune is near his *right* hand, is sure to thrust out his *left*. Perhaps Fogysm is not the only folly; and surely God could have created no mind without some handle, which is at the command of whatever grasp of evidence and truth is adapted to it.

AN APRIL ORPHIC.

I WALKED to-day to the mountain-ledge
Skirting a gorge where dark alders grow,
And, climbing close to the dangerous edge,
I saw a pale, sweet flower below.

There it had blossomed year by year,
Cheering the home of the newt and toad;
Never had mortal step drawn near
To break its ancient solitude.

Shut from the sunlight, hid from the dew,
And shunned by the winds it loves so well—
Yet its rhythm of beauty daily grew
To a wondrous golden canticle.

"O pitiful flower," at once I cried,
"Blooming where never an eye can see!"—
I heard no voice, but something replied,
And this was the purport that came to me:

"Man, proud-hearted and unresigned,
Beating in vain thy spirit-bars!
Seek meanest duties, if thou wouldst find
The shining stairway that leads to the stars.

"Learn, O soul by Ambition tossed,
Content is forever to Joy the key!"
—Truth and Beauty are never lost,
Teacheth the little Anemone.

CONCERNING PHRENOLOGY.*

WHAT is there of truth in phrenology? This science has been and still is laughed at by some, spurned by others, treated as materialism by great minds, considered by many as a cabalistic science, and on the other hand vaunted and extolled by its adepts; but for the greater number it is but a problem—a vague question about which one knows not what to think—a ground on which there has been much fighting in the dark, and where the light has not yet shone. In this state of things, here is a learned and religious man, calm in his bearing, skilful in his practice, who brings a torch upon the ground and invites us to see.

I.

One first reflection presents itself in opening M. Cubi's work: Why should phrenology exist?

In all things we must begin at the beginning—that is to say, by the end; for the end of a thing is its aim, its why and wherefore, its reason of existence.

Man, they tell us, is above all a creature of education: a child, he is educated by his parents and his teachers; a man grown, he educates himself. Now all education supposes the knowledge of the capacities of the subject, and every master begins necessarily by ascertaining those of his pupil: whether for good or for evil as regards their tendency, then their energy or vivacity, in order that he may calculate his measures of encouragement, repression, or modification. So the gardener studies the nature and force of young plants, to trim the stem if it bend, to thin the branches that draw too much sap, to trim for fruit this bough which can produce it, or spare the other which appears too feeble.

To know the tendencies of the subject is the first step of education. This knowledge may be drawn from four sources: hereditary transmission, circumstances, actions, and the physical constitution. Let us neglect the first three, and pause at the physical structure. This is the ground of phrenology.

The skilful phrenologist feels the head of your child, and in five

* *Lessons of Scientific and Practical Phrenology*, by Don Mariano Cubi i Soler, Translated from the Spanish. 2 vols, 8vo. Paris: J. B. Baillière. 1858.

minutes he informs you what can be expected of it, what vices are to be guarded against, what faculties ask for exercise. Thus you can satisfy the vow of Socrates, *γνώθι σεαυτον, know thyself*. At the end of a certain time you may renew the experience and see what you have gained upon your pupil, what you have gained upon yourself. You can follow thus step by step the progress and the delays of education.

— But the foundations of phrenology, are they true ?

II.

Few persons remember now that, before the works of Doctor Gall, physiology was still localizing the passions as in the Homeric times ; and, as Plato had reëdited the matter, anger was located in the liver, courage in the heart, sadness in the spleen, and so on of the others. Gall has shown in the brain the organ in which the directing faculties of animality are found, and where the passions, inaccessible in their organic fountains, reveal themselves at least through their instrumental faculties. But after having localized the animal faculties in the brain, there remained a step which Gall did not take : this was, to have removed from the brain the intellectual faculties, leaving to this organ functions purely animal. In this nomenclature of the cerebral functions, he makes the metaphysical spirit and theosophy to enter. Hence the materialism into which some phrenologists have fallen, and which has injured their science. They would have *thought* a mere function of the brain, *reason* and *will* organic phenomena of the cerebral tissue.

Spurzheim, who was to Gall what theory is to experience, did not depart from his master on this point. He draws no distinction between the intellectual faculties and the animal faculties.

M. Cubi is of another school, and forms the third stage in this science. With him, Materialism dethroned, Reason is disengaged from the organic function, and human liberty resumes its legitimate empire. With Gall, phrenology was empirical ; with Spurzheim, it became philosophical ; with M. Cubi, it becomes reasonable, ethical and religious. In his grouping he seems to change but little in Spurzheim's system, but in spirit he is quite different : there is a gulf between them.

Gall and Spurzheim, in localizing the intellectual and moral faculties in the antero-superior lobes, made of them neither more nor less than organic functions, equal in value of position to the genera-

tive faculty or to combativeness : thus the intellectual faculties were materialized. If, instead of this view, you state the antero-posterior faculties as only secondary, as are, moreover, all the cranial faculties, governed by one superior principle, whence each derives at once its intelligence and its impulse—the superior principle, not localized, directing and harmonizing them,—then you issue from materialism. Such is the system of M. Cubi.

The defect of this work is its labyrinthine maze of explanations that need in turn to be explained, and which might have been avoided by acquaintance with certain great works of scholastic philosophy, whose statement may thus be resumed : The brain is the central organ of the animal faculties. Its functions are complex because the animal faculties serve at once the vegetative and the intellectual faculties : the first, in aiding nutrition and generation by sensibility and motion ; the second, in permitting the abstract idea by the sensible idea and in translating abstract conceptions by sensible acts. Thus the brain serves at once the vegetative and the intellectual faculties, without containing either class, and fulfils only acts of the sensible order. Thus is the point of departure clearly defined for phrenology, and its fundamental basis squarely laid.

III.

All Phrenologists start from the principle that the containing indicates the contained, and for them every cranial development corresponds to an encephalic development. Is this an axiom ? It has been contested, and objections have abounded. For phrenologists, however, the exception has seemed to confirm the rule, and even in the exception they find signs that warn them against deception.

In M. Cubi's work long answers are given to his adversaries, with the relation of curious facts wherein he has proved his ability. He maintains that malconformations of the skull can be discerned, as well as their particular nature. A far more serious objection lies in the neglect by phrenology of the deep-lying parts of the brain at its base.

Again : while it places amativeness and philoprogenitiveness in the cerebellum, physiological experiments prove that the function of this organ is to coördinate movements. The ground taken by Flourens has been substantiated, as any one may see by reference to Mr. Carpenter's Physiology. One of the ablest phrenologists of

America, Dr. Wm. Byrd Powell, has shown within a very limited region of the occipital bone, at the sides of the vertebral canal, what is more probably the true localization of the generative instinct.

The lines of demarcation made by phrenology upon the skull do not correspond to the natural anatomical divisions of the brain. Thus phrenology has been of no use to physiology in obtaining a knowledge of the cerebral functions. It has thrown no light upon the office of the corpora striata, the thalami, the insula, the vault, the nates and testes, the pineal gland, and many other parts of the brain.

On the chapter of pathological anatomy, M. Cubi, in answer to the numerous facts that one hemisphere of the brain having been injured the faculties have nevertheless persisted, maintains, with many physiologists, that either hemisphere may act vicariously for the other, its symmetrical counterpart. But he might have found in Mr. Longet's first volume on the Nervous System a much more embarrassing case; to wit, that of the complete destruction of both the anterior lobes of the brain, with absolute preservation of the intellectual faculties; and, on the contrary, the loss of the intelligence in connection with the preservation of the anterior lobes and destruction of the posterior lobes. How get out of such a difficulty as this? The fact is, that abolition of the memory, of intelligence, and of speech correspond to lesions of parts so diverse, that no physiologist can in the present state of science be sure that a certain part of the brain corresponds exactly to such or such a function. Thus in the mystery of the functions of the brain, *UNITY* seems to be everywhere, and *Variety* is only in its acts.

Phrenology, dethroned from the physiological daïs where Gall had fondly placed it, is not, then, in a position to control Psychology, to judge Aristotle or St. Thomas. So much pretension ill-suits a science that is struggling to assure its own existence. The head is all, it pretends: it is the master of the body, the compend of its faculties; and the head is the skull. All that it is, all that it can, all that it resumes, is translated by the conformation of its case,—and of this conformation phrenology is judge.

Let us not go so fast, not so far.

The brain is not, properly speaking, an *instrument* of the soul; the soul is united with the body as form—not as a motor to that which is moved, but as *substantial compound, all whose acts hold at once* to both of its components.

The soul resides in no special part of the body, but entire in each part, the variety of her acts in the different parts depending only upon the necessity of having different organizations for the different organic functions. Thus the *faculties*, which are the powers of the soul, essentially differ from the functions, which are the acts of living organs. In the language of St. Thomas: "Substantial forms immerge the less in matter, as they are of a superior mechanical order; so that in man the soul overflows matter, and preserves a power beyond it."

IV.

Phrenology stands outside of Physiology, without exact relations to it; it is isolated, and unclasped among the sciences. This ambiguous position seems to cause no uneasiness to phrenology; and its adepts, convinced of their results, say, We are a fact, and against a fact no argument holds good.

Here we enter into another order of ideas. No more metaphysics, philosophy or physiology; nothing but to see, to measure and to weigh, and experience alone can decide. Certain minds there are whom the absurd repels, and who, considering phrenology as such, will refuse to it even the appeal to experiment. We shall not be so rigorous. If experiment assures as clearly the truth of phrenological deductions as it demonstrates the power of infinitesimal doses, why not accept the results? Do infinitesimal doses fail to act because their action is not to be imagined? If phrenology is a fact which experience assures, we must submit and let reason make, the most of it she can.

Those who are led by the authority of men will find large satisfaction in the work of M. Cubi, which the Emperor of France himself caused to be translated into French and published there, after he had had a long conference with the author.

Spurzheim, whose system is generally adopted, sensibly modified that of his predecessor. He increased the number of faculties recognized up to thirty-seven, he changed their denomination, and he classified them. Feeling acutely the justice of many censures on the denominations of Gall, he changed them in order to substitute for an appreciation too narrow and special, another more general and philosophical.

"The acts of the soul proceed rarely from a single faculty, but very often from abuses of the faculties; wherefore Gall's nomenclature has always appeared to

me defective. No organ ought ever to be denominated by its action. The names *theft* and *murder*, given at first to two organs, have lent arms to our adversaries. There are, it is true, individuals who from their childhood steal, or who have a strong propensity to murder, and a certain region of the head is salient in these persons; but all who have this region salient are not robbers or assassins. Gluttony and drunkenness depend on some organic cause, but no one has spoken of these maladies. The abuses of physical love depend on a certain organic irritation, but it would be the height of absurdity to speak of an organ of adultery. Gall committed an error in adopting *faculties* for acts, and naming them accordingly. It was necessary to modify this manner of considering phrenology. I shall try to specify the nature of the mental actions or manifestations of the soul, and to name the faculties abstracted or independent from all action and application, distinguishing completely what belongs to each faculty considered in itself, exclusively, from what is to be referred to the action of the same combined with other faculties."

In proceeding to his classification, Spurzheim observes that all the faculties belong to either the affective or the intellectual group. Then he subdivides the affections into impulsive propensities and emotional sentiments, while his intellectual group comprises the perceptive faculties. This tabular arrangement and mapping is familiar to the public.

In this nomenclature, memory is suppressed—every faculty, as Spurzheim teaches, having its own memory. Remarkable fact! The first observation of Gall is considered as false; the first step of phrenology is regarded by the phrenologists as an error! This is not the first lesson the sciences have taken from the game of blind man's buff.

Cox censures the distinction into propensitive and motor, observing that every faculty is an inclination. But we will not stop at Cox, nor at Combe, nor at Caldwell, still less at the Fowlers, *et id genus omne*, but come at once to M. Cubi, who forms another school.

M. Cubi objects to Spurzheim's classification, not only because the sentiments are inclinations, but also because all the faculties are essentially both affective and intellectual, and all possess memory and attention. He does not accept, like Gall and Spurzheim, the independence of the faculties; he considers them as harmonizing together in mutual excitement and alliance, and even in their oppositions. Finally, he admits an abstract reason superior to them all and presiding over them. This reason he isolates from the *will*, which he associates with the faculty of comparison. He admits forty-seven faculties, arranged in four classes:

1. Faculties and organs of internal contact, corresponding to the five senses.

2. Of external knowledge, corresponding to language, form, extent or surface, individuality, locality, weight, color, order, number, movement, direction, tone.

The fourth group comprises the faculties and organs of universal relation — comparison, causality, and deduction.

The third group he calls the group of faculties and organs of perception and of moral action ; corresponding to procreation, conservation, nourishment, destruction, conflict, conjugality, love of offspring, constructiveness, acquisitiveness, secretiveness or strategy, precaution, adhesiveness, love of home and country, mirthfulness, reform or improvement, sublimity, approbateness, concentration, suavity, imitation, marvellousness, effectiveness, rectitude, superiority, benevolence, inferiority, continuation.

Whether there be in this nomenclature a little more or less method than in that of Spurzheim, it is not worth while to discuss : we can not find in either a rational classification of the faculties of the soul.

We agree with M. Cubi in his first statement. All the faculties are passional, the intellectual as well as the social, and it is chiefly the discipline of each individual subject which differentiates them in their capacity as motors of conduct, recipients of feeling, more or less abstract or concrete and practical. Either metaphysics or anatomy, for example, is perfectly capable of forming the nucleus of a ruling passion, to which men will sacrifice fortune and life. The intellect has here become the sphere of all passional evolution.

Before making our own classification, let us glance at the statements of scholastic philosophy, the classic formulas, which innovators would do well to study.

In the *Philosophia divi Thomæ*, which M. Roux Lavergne has recently reëdited, three orders of faculties are indicated, the vegetative, animal, and intellectual. The last is purely spiritual, the two former only are subjects of phrenology. The vegetative faculties comprise the *acts* and the *appetites*. The acts, which are nutrition and generation, are localized in the organs which execute them, and phrenology does not trouble itself about digestion, hæmatosis, the secretions, the ovular or the spermatic formations. The vegetative appetite which gives impulsion to nutrition and to generation is only evidenced in man by the sensible concupiscences which it occa-

sions in the animal faculties. Not only do the vegetative and the spiritual, but some of the animal faculties escape the grasp of phrenology. Such is the case with *irritability*, which is a faculty localized in the tissues; the sensibility and reflex motion which respond to it, are localized in the spinal cord, and equally escape phrenology,—as does contractibility, manifested in the circulation and respiration. The external senses and motor powers come but very imperfectly under the cognizance of phrenology.

The internal senses and animal propensities certainly fall within the domain of cerebral, if not always of cranial, explorations.

The internal senses, says classic Philosophy, comprise the common sense, memory, imagination, and estimation or judgment. What has phrenology done with these? Does she not know them? Can she not find them?

We come to the appetitive faculties. "*Appetitus sensitivus est veluti quidam vitalis impulsus, quo animal se movet ex iis quæ per sensum apprehendit, ad fugiendum, vel prosequendum objecta.*"*

It is this appetite that the vegetative reëchoes; for it exist the two concupiscibles of nutrition and generation. To the concupiscible sensible belong the inclinations and instincts towards society, friendship, the family, the home, common to man with many animals. From it proceed those impulsions which respond to the desire of knowing, under all its forms, to the need of acquiring, of combat, defence, of precaution, and of speech. To know, to act, to speak, all derive their impulsion from the sensible appetency, whether for its own satisfaction, or in responding to the need of the vegetative appetite, or to those of the intellect. Many of the *faculties*, so called, of phrenology, are but different forms of this impulsion, whether the internal senses or the external senses be employed.

Practical psychology, like practical physiology, is less a science of statics than of fluxions and dynamics, and experience teaches that the most remarkable developments of a faculty—specified, for example, as Concentration—may be produced and sustained under one combination of motives and circumstances; while under others its deficiency is equally notable. This reminds us that Dr. Gratiolet, in dissecting the brains of Aztec children, found a great

* The sensitive appetite is, as it were, a vital impulse whereby the animal is moved from those things which it apprehends through the sense, to seek or to shun certain objects.

and disproportioned cerebellar development. These children were marvellous for their agility of movement during life, and for absence of all power of *concentrative attention*; thus confirming the observations of Flourens, and discrediting the usual phrenologic locations.

In the sensible appetency, there are, moreover, passions, vicious and virtuous, of which phrenology says nothing. According to the impressions which the sensible appetency receives from objects, it is thrown into the different states of love, hatred, desire, aversion, joy, sadness: these are the concupiscible passions, while the irascible comprises hope, despair, fear, audacity, and anger. Vices and virtues of this animal order result from the moral state of the impulsion. The four chief virtues are prudence, justice, temperance, and courage. Each has its opposite vice.

There remains to be examined in the sensible appetite, whether the habitual impulsion be hereditary or individual; and the impulse that of deliberate volition or animal spontaneity. We merely indicate problems, this being no place to discuss them at length. But is not this sufficient to show how strangely phrenology deceives itself, when it pretends to map out completely the faculties of the soul?

Phrenology has good intentions; and in the work of M. Cubi, which, from his point of view, is very able, it exerts no slight seductions; but as a science, it has the very great fault of being isolated, which is next to being lost; for all human sciences must blend in harmony. In physiology, where it ought naturally to be ranked, no place is found for it — at least not in its present condition; for each attempt to theorize upon its data has been promptly defeated by anatomy. It pretends to teach philosophy the faculties of the soul, while in truth it could but gain by learning them of this elder sister.

Not only is phrenology isolated, but it is not constituted in itself, and its language denotes this chaotic condition. It is with sciences as with peoples — the language of either attests its constitution.

The nomenclature of phrenology is a confused mixture of all sorts of things, floundering in the vague between the incomplete and unfixed, or drowning itself in multiplied explanations and comments upon those explanations. It has indeed invented words, an ill-fledged and graceless neologism; but these are not a language.

It lacks formulas. Let it harmonize and formulize itself: this is the language which it ought to undertake. Since it takes ground as an experimental fact, let experimenters multiply, and *fiat lux*.

DRS. F. F. & M. E. L.

THE SACRED ARK AND THE HOLY FIRE.

[From Constant.]

ACCORDING to the Bible, when the Jews went into captivity, Jeremiah, the prophet of tears, hid the sacred Fire in the bottom of a cistern, and the holy Ark in the hollow of a rock, the entrance of which he closed with care. The Bible resembles that deep cistern in which the prophet buried sacred fire. Truth hides there at the bottom of symbols, and liberty under the allegories of the Law. The first human writing was formed of pictures, and the first human language composed of analogies. The essence of the Word is judgment. Judgment implies discretion; the word is then essentially free. When man, deluded by the folly of power, began to tyrannize over speech, the word was fain to conceal itself in mysterious allegories, to seek analogies more abstruse, images less accessible to the common mind. Egypt then invented her hieroglyphics, and seeking in animal forms for passional analogies, composed that human synthesis of which the Sphynx resumes the mystery, standing unmoved before the doubt of Science, and which raised to the heavens, through the divinity of their trials and their love, the radiant spouses, Isis and Osiris.

The lyre of Orpheus, which enchanted the stones and softened the heart of oaks, symbolized to Greece the power of Harmony: He sang, and the divine words issued from his mouth so living, so perfectly beautiful, so powerfully colored, that they rose to the skies, dived beneath the waves, slipped under the bark of oaks, and became nymphs, genii, goddesses and gods.

"For the world was built in order,
And the atoms march in tune;
Rhyme the pipe and Time the warder
Cannot forget the sun, the moon.
Orb and atom forth they prance
When they hear from far the Nine;
None so backward in the troop,

When the music and the dance
Reach his place and circumstance;
But knows the Sun-creating sound,
And, though a pyramid, will bound."*

The vulgar saw only the form, and materialized the thought. Idolatry was at all times and in all religions the worship of the dead letter; but for free and intelligent men the form is nothing without the thought that gives it life.

The words that I speak to you are spirit and life, said the first hierophant, in formulizing the divinest symbol. Christ spoke of the fraternal bread and wine as his flesh and his blood, which he gave for the salvation of the world. To eat of this flesh, and to drink of this blood, is to fulfil in uses the pledges of affection; it is to commune with Nature through humanity, with the earth in accomplishing our industrial destiny, through friendship, the life-spring of the new social order.

Brahminism, Hivāism, the hieroglyphical worship of Osiris, Hellenism, Mosaism and Christianity are the successive envelopes of one religious truth, the symbolic expression of which becomes more clear and is simplified in proportion as the human Word becomes diviner through emancipation.

At an epoch when humanity seemed ready to perish, buried beneath the ruins of Roman despotism, a man was born whom our religious symbols call the incarnate Word. The intelligence and the love of antecedent ages were resumed in him, and his teachings opened a new career to enlarged intelligence and to regenerated love; and he was called the God-made man, because by him Humanity was deified.

He was the type of human unity, and deserved, by his perfect devotion, to become the religious chief of universal association. He renounced willingly, through his affection for us, that flesh and blood which he had received from his mother; he gave his flesh to the torture and his blood to the earth, which drank it up, choosing only the bread and the wine of fraternal communion for his undying body and incorruptible blood. He was the incarnate *word*, as being the human form of the creative thought. This is not other than God, and the thought of God fixed in the human form may well be called God-made man.

Christ has come to teach the world that the highest human per-

*See "The Talking Oak" of Tennyson.

fection lies in the greatest love ; and in seeking to conform us to that perfection of which he is the type, he desires that we should become God, like himself, in the perfect expression of the creative thought, and the fulfilment of his will. Great and holy idea, of the communion of all men in kindness, justice and truth, of their union with God through the mediation of their spiritual Chief, on whose cross was nailed materialism, by whose agony selfishness was ruined, and from whose tomb ascended and diffused itself, the passion of humanity, of Human-Unity ! *

Liberty had visited the world on that day, when it was said : Call no man master, for all ye are brethren ; ye have all but one master, even God. Yet the emperors could hope, when they offered to the Church a shred of their purple and the shadow of their diadem, for a time when the Vicar of Christ would be called most Holy Father, and when the successors of the Apostles would graciously permit themselves to be addressed as " My Lord." These things exist, but the word of Christ has not changed, and it is this which will change the world. " Heaven and earth will pass away, but my word shall not pass away until all be fulfilled." Word of liberty and of fraternity ! Eternal testament of martyrs ! Sacred contract of human emancipation ! Immutable Code, in which slaves and tyrants are condemned together ! Divine title of universal nobility ; woe to him who doth not understand thee ! Woe to him who can doubt or dispute thee ! But thrice woe to those who would corrupt thee and compel thee to lie in the interest of slavery !!

With the promulgation of the Gospel proceeds the true emancipation of the human race ; and as the tree is known by its fruits, so where man is still oppressed by man the Gospel of peace and good will has not found rest for the sole of her foot. The republics of Sparta and of Rome were but military tyrannies that lived and that perished by the sword. The republics of our modern age are but commercial tyrannies that live and that perish by the purse. The intelligent association of Christian industry will seal their death warrant. Let the Gospel, then, be for us all — the Sacred Ark and the Holy Fire.

Let us not understand it like idolators, who worship the letter ; let us remember that Christ has enveloped the growing truth in

* The synonyms of this word are no other than Christianity, or Christ-Unity, and Deity, or Divinity, from *Deus*, or *Divus*, and *unitas* : God-Unity, or Godhead.

parables, as a babe in swaddling clothes. Initiated into their dear Lord's secrets, his disciples understood that when he died for man he lived anew in the human heart; wherefore, taking him as the symbol of unity, they wrote his mystic legend in the language of comparison and parable, familiar to the East. Thus to express the removal of that curse which rested over the birth of man, they preserved in their tradition the honors of virginity to the mother of Jesus. They showed the Holy Ghost itself as influencing the mysteries of conception, in order to teach men that true Love comes from God, is God himself, and that they will be the children of God, whenever they shall be born of true Love-unions. It is thus that they showed us Jesus surmounting alike the temptations of pride and of animal lusts, and ministered unto by angels in the desert, after having put to flight the evil spirit. Thus, in order to show us the power of the word, which creates the new Social World, they show us Jesus appeasing the tempest, healing the sick, reviving the dead, and multiplying food to nourish the people; for the word of the Gospel appeases the storms of rage, cures the moral diseases of humanity, and can multiply, by fraternal association, that necessary food which is still insufficient for all.

Our Father who is in Heaven has not spoken to reason in order to confound reason! He has not descended from Heaven in order to set snares for men's souls! He has not deceived Humanity by pretending to desire the salvation of all, while rendering the greater number responsible for truths which he had not taught them to understand! He has not died at last, upon the cross, in order to ransom all men, then left the greater number to be lost, reserving merely a few priests and their imbecile acolytes!

It is because the Ark of the Holy Word has not yet been freed from its swaddling bands, because the lamp is covered by the bushel, that the people are sickened by this nonsense. It is because Liberty, soon banished from the corrupted Church, as Christ had been from the Synagogue, has wandered eighteen hundred years from solitude to solitude, and from exile to exile. And when she presents herself in cities where guardians of the old oppression watch, seated in their chairs of state, the doors are closed against her. When she would speak, they stifle her voice; and those who know her still speak of her only in symbolic and figurative terms.

M. E. L.

THE NEMESIS OF UNITARIANISM.

THAT goddess whose ensigns are the wheel and the rudder, — indicating her power to overtake the evil-doer by land and by sea, — has not tired with the flight of the ages: when the smoke of battles has cleared away, when the conflicts of Truth and Error, Right and Wrong, have paused, there she sits in serene triumph, and the false thing bites the dust. It is an error to suppose that Nemesis was a Destroyer: rather, as the word indicates, she was a Divider, one who ever proved and sifted each thing, and severed the transient from the permanent. She was as much pledged to preserve the good as to destroy the evil; a daughter of Erebus, she yet bore her progeny to Zeus, or Life.

Unitarianism — a thing is an *ism* so long as its aim is private, not universal: in the stem, not the flower — began its struggle in America about forty years ago. In these days, when thought is to some extent coördinate with the steamer and the telegraph, forty years is a pretty long life; besides, it is to be remembered that Unitarianism was the result of many ages of gestation. It was called new, but it was the oldest of movements, and rested upon some æons of experience and investigation. It came into a world which was athirst for purer spiritual fountains; indeed, it was evoked by the spirit of the age to supply a demand which the liberal conditions of Western Society for the first time suffered to be distinctly announced. What has Unitarianism done for man? What would the world say if steam should be to-day confining its blessings to a few companies, or if the telegraph should be called “a Boston notion,” which is the best name Dr. Bellows could give to old-fashioned Unitarianism? What would a philosopher say if a considerable number of cities, which had been furnishing themselves with water on the principle that water rises to its level everywhere, should conclude to tear up their works and try the system of ancient aqueducts? Surely the great movement for free-thought, the conception of God as a Father, the idea of the emancipation of man from superstition and wrong, were no less magnificent than their contemporaneous physical studies; and yet the Unitarian movement is filled with doubt and confusion. Never was there such a cry of *Lo here*, and *Lo there*. One is

rushing back to Calvinism, another to Romanism, another to Swedenborgianism : Spiritualism reaps its harvest, and Atheism also, we fear. The masses no more think of identifying their spiritual fortunes with the church than of taking stock in the projects for a line of aerial ships to Europe.

We have many and plausible excuses for this. It is said that "most people are not fit for anything but Orthodoxy," and "Catholicism is the best thing for such and such a class."* Of course, Orthodoxy or Catholicism is best for its adherent, until a higher thing has the grace to create and answer a higher want; but that a religion of Freedom, Justice, Reason, and Love, is a religion for any one set or class, is a purblind and fatal conceit. Rather is it certain that there is a Free Unitarian in every man's heart; very few of our orthodox brothers are there who are not troubled with this inevitable inmate. "The very marrow of this accursed human nature is saturated in heresy," exclaimed Father Ryder. We welcome the impatient confession, believing as we do in the divinity of Human Nature, and knowing that for the highest religion nothing higher could be said than that it is the light that enlighteneth every man. Let any one read St. Austin and Calvin, and afterward Dr. Channing, and he will see that it is impossible that the yearning hearts of men could be separated from the beautiful faith of the latter but by some misunderstanding or trick. Men are not constituted to be satisfied with the terrible tenets of Calvin, any more than they are to assuage their thirst with melted lead. We are not deceived by the vehement utterances of the revival; we have long recognized man as the Inconsistent Animal. We have seen a minister who had grown red in the face with declaring that all men were born in a state of utter corruption, go home and take his little mass of corruption from its cradle and call it an angel. We do not believe his people went home to bewail and repent of Adam's transgression. The people have long since been divorced from the old theology; they do not care to fight the fight of dissent, but they will flock about any Beecher who laughs at it, and preaches about freedom. Thus the great audience of the Unitarian movement was already prepared for it; and it was adapted in its essence to the hunger to appease which it was sent. Also its success, so long as it was a real thing,

* The inference is that Unitarianism must be the religion of the enlightened few; that being the modern translation of the doctrine of election.

was equal to that of the preceding real movements, as those of Fox and Wesley. Its effect was not so apparent, for ideas are not so demonstrative as nerves and emotions; but the warning voice had been heard by all Churches, and we suppose that a *thoroughly and logically Calvinistic sermon was not afterwards preached in New England*. Edwards, Emmons, and Hopkins have become an extinct clerical species.

Again, in estimating the dimensions of Unitarianism at the present, we are loudly warned not to be deceived by size, nor imagine it a guage of power, — to remember that a pyramid is not so great as a watch. It is true that it is only the religious fillibusters who imagine that the power of a Church consists in quantity rather than quality; and yet there is a great deal in the old Jeffersonian motto, "The greatest good of the greatest number." There is something in expansion, something in the democracy of Ideas: they are a trust for Humanity, and their place is not under a bushel, but under a candlestick, where they may give light to all who are in the house. This radiation is an attribute of quality more than of quantity.

The plain fact concerning Unitarianism is this: before it was placed the alternatives — to be free and human, and have an expansion equal to the ever-growing thought of Man, which had already sent up the wave which prophesied that level for its flood; or to become an additional sect and inherit Boston. It selected the latter, so far as a personality is permitted to limit itself. Then Nemesis proceeded to her work.

— It began about fifteen years ago, when Theodore Parker, a legitimate child of the movement, preached a discourse in South Boston, at the ordination of a brother minister, on "The transient and the permanent in Christianity." At that time, and in preaching that discourse, Mr. Parker was *par excellence* the representative Unitarian; for, if a man has knocked his father down, the son most like him is the one that knocks him down. It was plain to the orthodox that Parker was a logical chip of the old block which Freeman and Channing had introduced into Boston; so they began with fierce joy to put questions to Unitarianism. "Is this man Parker one of you? Will you acknowledge him or disown him? Under which King, Bezonian? Speak, or die!" Then the Unitarians with one accord began to curse and to swear, saying, "We know not the man." Ralph Waldo Emerson, of the Hanover-

Street Church, had been excommunicated, some time before, on account of his heresy, — for he, after all, was the first of the Unitarian heretics, — but he was treated gently, on account of a certain saintliness about him, because of which “no man durst lay hands on him.” Parker was no saint, but an earnest and upright Puritan, with a willingness to fight the good fight, — a kind of theological John Brown.

The verdict of Unitarianism on the tendencies which itself had legitimated, soon began to be rendered in facts which were much louder than words. Dr. Channing, even, during his life had seen some indications of what he called “a Unitarian orthodoxy,” bent only on “keeping the ground it had gained;” and thus soon after his death did this orthodoxy come with lock and bolt to close up the glorious portals he had flung open. In November, 1844, Rev. Mr. Sargent, then minister of Suffolk-Street Church, was unsophisticated enough to exchange pulpits with Theodore Parker! The Fraternity of Churches made a formal protest; the city was set on fire, theologically; Sargent lost his Church. Soon after, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, not having the fear of the Churches before his eyes, and the affliction of his brother Sargent not having been sanctified to his good, made the rash proposition to the said Parker that they also should exchange pulpits, as they had been in the habit of doing before this Boston trouble. Immediately Mr. Clarke’s Church was divided into halves, and the seceders built the Bedford-Street Church. Thenceforth we have in this Jerusalem of the Unitarians two distinct classes: the old lock-and-bolt set, and the open-communion set. Parker stood alone under the Unitarian tent, so far as theological opinion went; but a goodly number stood by him who had not bowed the knee to the new dogmatic Baal. These would have it that Parker, though an egregious heretic, was a faithful and an honest man, and should be allowed to think his thought and say his say. There is reason to think that Parker did so.

Then the wheel of Nemesis was swift on those who disowned the old Unitarian principle, and closed their pulpits against the Heresiarch. The life of their Churches had oozed out. The Hanover-Street Church, which excommunicated Emerson, has passed under the hammer to the Methodists. The Suffolk-Street Church, which drove away Mr. Sargent for exchanging with Parker, has passed, in the same way, to the Baptists. The

Bedford-Street Church (Church of the *Savior*), which was built out of spite to James Freeman Clarke, was obliged to disband and merge its remnants with the Old Second Church. The Indiana-Street Church, once under the ministry of Mr. Fox, who has since avoided any settlement, became so reduced that they had to unite with James Freeman Clarke's Church of the Disciples. King's Chapel, the very cradle of Unitarianism, the Faneuil Hall of religious liberty, consecrated by the nobility of James Freeman, can not now settle a minister because of its recreancy to that progressive spirit which bore the Unitarian movement. The Thirteenth Church, foremost in its denunciations of the more liberal tendency, has lost its minister, (Mr. Coolidge,) by his conversion to Episcopacy. Boston presents, to-day, a series of stranded Unitarian Churches, high and dry, awaiting the tide which will never reach them. They have galvanized, for a pastime, the bodies of dead questions — the Trinity, Eternal Punishment, and the like, — and talk of them as if they were talking to live men of live things. Their darling ministers, Huntington and Sears, have become disgusted, and have fled, one to the Episcopal, the other to the Swedenborgian Church, for dear life.

— All this owing, rhetorically speaking, to a "Suspense of Faith; in sober fact, it is the result of the growth of a Great Principle beyond the limitations which sought to confine it. The acorn grew in the small jar quietly enough at first; but the cry came for a larger jar, — nay, that the sapling should be transplanted from any conceivable jar out into the field, which is the world, where under the free light and winds of Heaven it might rise to the possible stature of the germ that was in it. But Boston Unitarianism would persist in retaining the oak in its jar; and the jar lies in fragments about its roots.

But what did Conservative Nemesis preserve? She established in Boston a Central Broad Church, into which the life of all the rest passed; a Church whose average congregation is nearly as numerous as all the rest put together. She has brought the stones which the builders rejected to the head of the corner. Emerson has become the intellectual teacher of their teachers. The Unitarian Association, when at length it lay all becalmed, must needs call on the once ignored J. F. Clarke to bring the currents of his genial and catholic spirit to its sails: there he is passing from the Secretary's Chair to minister to Theodore Parker's people! What has

Nemesis done for the Independent Pulpit in America, inaugurated by Parker? It is but fifteen years, and on the platform where he stood alone twenty-five ministers stand. Where is a stronger or healthier babe for its years than the Free-thought of the Unitarian Church? "Joseph is a fruitful branch." These independent ministers are nearly all settled over large and worthy congregations. But what is more, the posture of this freer element has necessarily placed it in a leading relation to the powerful institutions which represent the Spirit of the Age. It edits the *Atlantic Monthly*; it animates the literary club; it is a central figure on the arenas of Reform; it wields the Lyceum in every city of the Union. It was asked formerly, in England, "Who reads an American book?" The many European editions and translations of the works of Emerson, Parker, Margaret Fuller, and Curtis, have given the only sufficient reply. Transcendentalism in New England was the first Catholic Power of American Intellect.

The Unitarian movement in New England was essentially a negative movement. It was an Intellectual Revival in the Church whereby the dogmas of Trinity, Incarnation, Atonement, and the Future Life were shown to be out of relation with the culture and Science which had been reached. It was a protest *against* something; not much, if at all, a protest *for* anything. The leaders of the movement did indeed inculcate a high and pure morality; but the orthodox had always inculcated a morality just as high: indeed, it is evident that Morality is a constant thing in the world, like the atmosphere by which men live, and is stated in almost the same words in the Codes of Moses, Menn, and Christ. The Unitarians, therefore, could add but little, though they may have stated it more clearly and applied it more practically.

It is plain, therefore, that the value of the movement was the incorporation into a Christian Body of the negations which had been maintained outside of any such organization by Paul, of Samosata, Arius, Pelagius, Socinus, Servetus, and others. But the progress of every pilgrim must be from the land of the Eternal Nay to that of the Eternal Yea. Manna from Heaven will indeed fall down to those who are necessarily in the wilderness; but the manna will not keep for all time, in whatsoever jars secured; it must be left for the permanent support — the land flowing with milk and honey. The free portion of the Church, therefore, is that which is leading

it on to the Positive and Affirmative. Every denial implied an authority which could deny; every judgment implied a standard somewhere uplifted. For a long time, the special denial or judgment was discussed; it was not recognized that these were but signs of a new principle which had come into action, or changes wrought by another authority claiming superiority to text and tradition. That Affirmation now reveals itself, as, after the American Revolution, it came out that the war was not against a tax on tea, but for entire Independence. And what is this Affirmation? Simply, the entire sufficiency of the Human Spirit to attain the highest truth, and, by a fulfilment of spiritual laws, enjoy the highest communion. Thus the reigns of reptilian ceremonies, of Saurian Sabbaths and miracles, pass away before the reign of the Spiritual Man. This explains why the Christian freethinkers can not be floored by a text, nor put down by logic; they are interested only in Man. You shall miss them at the Theological Conclave, and find them at the Anti-Slavery Society; they 'leave a Greek accent falling the wrong way, to lift up a falling man.' Indeed, when one hears the phrase "right and left," it suggests the line of the German poet: "Keep near the left — there beats the heart."

A word to this "left wing" ere we close this article. Very much has Nemesis,—the Law of Conservatism,—done for us. The growth of the free ministry and its audience has surpassed the growth of its parent in the same length of time. It is in the closest union with the great human thoughts and tendencies which constitute the vitality of the age: it has access to the fountains of inspiration and eloquence; for none can be eloquent for slavery, for fetters,—only for the large and free. Nevertheless, we must not forget that we stand amidst thirty millions of men with only one free voice to the million. The warning comes to us, "Enlarge the place of thy tent." For this, we must have more communion and coöperation. Individuality is never to be lost, even to a hairs-breadth; but there is a sphere as well as an atom. "The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the tents of Jacob." He was with each in his own tent, but when hearts and hands were knit, then came victory. "Spread out the thunder," exclaims Schiller's Fiesco, "into its single tones, and it becomes a lullaby for children; pour it forth together in one peal, and the royal sound shall move the heavens." We must bear witness to one another; we must

not allow any free brother to be so isolated and unheeded that those who hear him shall say of a truth dear to us all, "It is but one man's view ; he is very odd and eccentric."

We must take greater care of our young men. Those who are familiar with theological Schools know to what painful ordeals the young "Parkerites," as they are termed, are subjected. We do not mean to charge professors with having a spirit of persecution—we believe that they have this more rarely than is supposed ; but, whilst their more orthodox fellows are called out, from Sunday to Sunday, to fill the vacant pulpits, during their senior term, and welcomed to large congregations when graduated, they are kept in the background, their talents have no play, and when they come, at length, to stand before a congregation, it is without that self-possession and tact which the others have gained by experience. They come forth from the School to linger about the Association-rooms, with no means of getting face to face with the thousands of hearts which are yearning for just such free and earnest words as these youths could give them. If the new heretic reaches a settlement, it is over hot ploughshares of opposition ; since there are so many ministers nowadays who know so much better what this or that Church needs than the Church itself knows. And some, wearied out with this tedious process, are sorely tempted either to deny the holy Lord within them, and go to warm themselves by the fire with the Servants of the High Priest, or to satisfy the stirring life within them by rushing off on swerving orbits. Of how many noble and eloquent teachers have Politics, Speculation, and Office-seeking robbed us ? Can we not help give these aspirants welcome, incentive, work ?

Much less complex is the duty of the Christian freethinkers toward the Truth which is organizing itself in them, as into hands, feet, and tongues. We have but to work steadily, by the light of God's lamp within us. We have but to pull steadily at the cord which is placed in our hand : the world is at its other end. In Charles Reade's last story, "*A Good Fight*," it is related that a tower, to the window of which not even many ladders joined-together was to be taken, if possible, out of an exceeding high gether could reach. What was to be done ? Why, this simple thing : an old huntsman shoots an arrow up through the window ; instead of a ferrule, the arrow has a long skein of silk bound around its end. The hero is told, by a pencilling attached, to tie

his knife to it, let it down, and, when he feels a change in the weight, to draw it up again. He lets down the slender silk; he draws up with it a twine, such as the silk could bear, with that a whipcord, such as the twine could bear, until at length in a great rope-ladder he holds Liberty in his hand. The principle is perfect for any extent: that silk thread could have drawn up, by going through the gradations, stairways of iron and granite. It is perfect, too, for any department. We must take our little thing and draw away until the larger and stronger thing comes. Please God, if we can send into a single window of Superstition's Dark Tower where a Human Soul is imprisoned, an arrow which bears a tie to freedom, it will be worth all our labor.

DR. EINBOHRER AND HIS PUPILS.

CHAPTER IV.—PARENTHESIS.

INSTEAD of a lecture from Dr. Einbohrer, the Editor proposes to report a communication from the Devil. He trusts that no one will be incredulous as to the possibility of conversation with the inferior orders of creation or even the infernal,—as he has one yet to report from an ape.

He will only premise that he has been several times in his life in a state of trance. He does not claim for these states the dignity of the raptures of the Sybils and Pythonæ, or of Platinus, Paul, Behmen or Swedenborg; neither are they the results of opium or hasheesh. At moments when he least expects such visitations there comes upon him something like a cool breath on the forehead, which then forms into a current along the spine; a flush then flows over the face, and every sense seems refined intensely; then usual objects seem to become framework or vista for a new set of beautiful visions.

The following is from his Diary:

“On the present occasion I had gone out in the afternoon to a favorite shade to meditate on the subject of the morning's lecture—the Human Hand. I lay down on the grass, leaning my head on one hand as a pillow, the other stretched out before me. The

summer was just intimating its approach in the fresh feathering of the wood willow, whereon a thousand little honey-bee Gabriels sounded their trumpets in token of its advance. A small stream could just be overheard scolding, like a child interrupted at play, at a stick which had fallen across it, over which it must fall in turn. Now all these sounds seemed to retreat to an infinite distance. I felt the cool breath on my forehead. The steps of some extraordinary thing approaching echoed along my brain like the statue visiting Don Giovanni. Lo ! uprose before me a huge Hand. It was at some distance, and was approaching as if pushed along by some one concealed behind it. As it came closer, I saw with dismay that what I supposed a hand was a living monster wearing the shape of a hand : the thumb was one arm, the little finger another ; the first and third fingers were legs and feet, the second was a long tail with the finger-nail cut into the shape of a dreadful spear-head. A whiff of brimstone swept over me. This strange being bore a musical instrument shaped like a hand with middle finger stretched out to hold the strings. He began to sing, whilst this instrument yielded a truly diabolical accompaniment. At the end of each stanza came a chorus yelled from the depths of the earth. The song was a celebration of the hand as admirably adapted to all villainous works — the chorus being thus :

The hand, it is the handsomest
Of Nature's handiwork —
Universal pocket-picker,
Made to steal and dirk.

“ ‘Perhaps,’ he said at last, ‘you’d prefer that I should proceed with these fine statements in prose rather than song.’ — ‘Very much,’ said I, ‘I hate poetry, and yours makes me especially nervous. But who—’ — “ ‘Really, now, you don’t mean to say you don’t know who I am ? I am the Devil.’

“ ‘Strangely enough, I did not feel any great emotion at this announcement. The dent and inkblot are still shown the tourist where Luther threw his inkstand at the Devil. I fear I did not hate this Devil so much ; I certainly did not find him so black as he had been painted, nor feel disposed to give him so ungracious a reception. I remembered rather the pathetic appeal of Burns to Auld Nickie Ben :

‘Ah ! wad ye tak a thought an’ mend’ —

— the Bohemian blessing : ‘He that is spoken against befriend

you,'—Göthe's description of him as one 'that all men gladly name,'—and Carlyle's, as 'the Great Second Best.' So I sat myself serenely to give him his due, and see if I might not learn something from the Devil. He proceeded thus :

“ ‘The lecture of Einbohrer this morning was good as Science, but did not deal sufficiently with the moral and infernal bearings of the topic. I alone can speak *ex cathedra* on that. You see it is a fact not generally known that the Devil is a Hand. When the Bible asserts that men's days are as a handbreadth, it mystically affirms that men are diabolical rascals generally. A thousand years I wandered until it was permitted me to take some one of all forms. I selected this. The hand is the centre of power, and so long as it is the Devil's realm he must have a hand in everything done on earth. When was there any beautiful or valuable crime in which the hand was not concerned? The fine old Romances of the Otranto School knew this, when, instead of introducing the Devil personally into their stories (which would have been too much for any but persons of rare culture), they only cause a great Hand to appear. It was in order to familiarize men with this that I once left the print of myself in the stone which gave name to the castle of Greifenstein, or the Clutched Stone, where Richard Cœur de Leon was imprisoned and found by Blondel. We who dwell below watch with interest the growth of men into the mysterious relations of the hand. The Italian may say much with impunity, but a certain arrangement of the fingers at one is the last insult, which death alone can atone for. In the olden time, in quizzing, the thumb was carried to the mouth. So in Shakspeare we find, “Bite not thy thumb at me.” In America it is carried to the nose instead. It was the custom of the ancient Norseman to keep off the evil eye by holding out the first and little fingers, and pressing the others against the palm. That was really a devil's pitchfork. The Germans maintain that the Devil has a horse's foot; the English, a cloven hoof. These are but fingerless hands, as has been proved by the few instances in which hoofs have developed fingers. The Spanish, always pretty well acquainted with my dominions, know that villainy does not reside in the head or heart, but the hand; so they do not behead their executed criminals,—but behead them,—and as one enters Spanish cities he sees large numbers of human hands nailed to the city walls for warning. The recipe of witchcraft was this: ‘Take two or more dead men's fingers, pound

them when dried ; mix the skin of a toad pulverized ; pour on the tears of a child or the blood of a cat ; then let one drop fall on the hand of the person you would affect.' You know, too, that the poisonous part of a crab is called 'dead men's fingers.'

" 'Thus for a long time the instincts and superstitions of the vulgar went on discovering that the Devil was in the Hand. The Idea entered the Laws at last. The earliest Gothic code, perhaps, was the *Faust reicht*, or *Fist Laws*. In the old Saxon Law-Book, *Sachsenspiegel*, we find the Hand is peculiarly guarded — especially a lady's hand. Two heifers are the fine for squeezing a lady's forefinger ; a sheep is to be added for the second or third ; squeezing the whole hand was considered worth six heifers and a bull ; kissing the hand could only be redeemed by endowing her 'with all one's worldly goods,' etc. This shows that those old Saxons had an instinctive suspicion of your Dr. Einbohrer's theory that fingers and toes were but upper and under teeth in a lower sphere : so that the pressure of a hand was an approach of teeth to teeth, and attended with all the perils of a kiss in the higher sphere to which we know it easily leads. So Shakspeare in *Romeo and Juliet*,

'Palm to palm is Palmer's kiss.'

" 'So also in actual life we find that when a youth makes a serious demand for kissing a young woman *ad libitum*, he does not ask her for her heart,—neither does he ask her for her head or her feet, but for her hand. He does not place the wedding-ring in her ears, nor around her ancles, nor in her nose,—but on her finger. And in Rome, other cases of Life and Death were decided by the raising or pressing of the thumb by the Judges.

" 'Hush ! Know you why of all other forms I, Satan, should have selected this of the hand ? Because it is the token of man, his sign-manual, the symbol of his ability to re-create : with his hand he would presently re-fashion Eden. But in our councils we said, 'There will we press our siege ! However high man's thought shall soar, the deed of the hand shall be evil. The power to grasp shall be a perpetual temptation ! Where Heaven sets the implement of industry, we shall set a sword and poignard : the arms of Evil shall be as long as the arms of Good.'

" 'For once let the thought pass into the deed, and God triumphs over us : in the deed the aspiration of man takes form and life, and becomes an active power and Genius of Good. By an external

deed he is committed to what it serves : it is a bond signed with his blood. Let us get the hand, and we can baffle the heart : so did we with that wretch, thrice imprisoned for theft, who on finishing his last term rushed to the mill, and placing both his hands under a huge knife worked by machinery, had them cut off at the wrists. 'They shall not conquer me again,' he said.

"But, alas, we must be conquered soon : as the hand rays forth fingers, the fingers ray forth implements of use and mercy ; and these demand the higher radiation,—the heart putting forth fingers of love and friendship ; the soul radiating aspiration and everlasting hope. What can we do with a hand like Cranmer's, which, for truth's sake, he can hold in flame till it becomes a cinder,—or with that of Galileo, still preserved at Milan, with finger pointing upward ?'

"The Devil seemed thoughtful.—'What a solemn Devil you are,' said I.—'Pshaw,' he cried, 'I was nodding as even Jove is said to do some times. It was a lie. Man's hand was made for robbing hen-roosts and picking pockets. The wrists are made small that handcuffs shall sit well on them. The thumb is admirably contrived for my grand discovery, the Holy Screw.'

"Then he quickly left me, and I heard in the distance only the refrain of his song :

'The hand, it is the handsomest
Of Nature's handiwork ;
Universal pocket-picker,
Made to steal and dirk.'"



THE DERVISH.

[From the Persian Redekunste.]

SLAVE of the Most High Lord am I;
And since His face shone on my eye
I am He, He lives in me,
My heart is merged in Being's Sea.

Now of the world the highest surge,
I swoon and sink on Wonder's verge,
Soul one with sense, sea one with shore,
I moan and sigh forevermore.

CONVENTION.

He faltered on the threshold,
She lingered upon the stair:
Can it be that was his footstep?
Can it be that she is there?

Without is tender yearning,
And tender love is within;
They can hear each other's heart-beats —
But a wooden door is between.

A POET.

I.

From wells where Truth in secret lay
He saw the midnight stars by day.

II.

"O marvelous gift!" the many cried.
"O cruel gift!" his voice replied.

III.

The stars were far, and cold, and high,
That glimmered in the noonday sky.

IV.

He yearned toward the sun in vain
That warmed the lives of other men.

W. D. H.

URSULA.

BY HONORE DE BALZAC.

[Translated for *The Dial* by Dr. M. E. Lazarus.]*To M^{lle} Sophie Surville :*

It is a real pleasure, my dear niece, to dedicate to thee a book, the subject and details of which have the approbation, so difficult to obtain, of a young girl to whom the world is still unknown, and who understands no concession or compromise of those noble principles which form her saintly education.

You young girls are a formidable public ; for we may let you read only books as pure as your soul is pure, and forbid certain lectures, even as we prevent you from seeing society as it is. Is it not then just motive of pride to an author, to have pleased you ? Heaven grant that your affection may not have deceived you ! Who shall tell us ? The Future, which thou wilt see, I hope, and when thy uncle Balzac shall have passed away.

CHAPTER I.

URSULA's grandfather, the famous manufacturer of harpsichords and other musical instruments, Valentin Mirouet, one of our most celebrated organists, died in 1785, leaving a natural son, the child of his old age, recognized, bearing his name, but a very wild chap. He had not the consolation of seeing this spoiled child at his deathbed. A singer and composer, Joseph Mirouet, after having made his debut at the Italian Opera under an assumed name, had run away with a young girl into Germany. The old instrument-maker recommended this boy, really full of talent, to his son-in-law, Dr. Minoret ; observing that he had refused to espouse the mother, in order to avoid prejudicing the interests of Madame Minoret. The doctor promised to give this unfortunate lad half of Valentin Mirouet's legacy, converted into money, when Erard purchased his factory. He sought, through diplomatic agencies, his natural brother-in-law, Joseph Mirouet ; but Grimm told him one evening, that after having engaged in a Prussian regiment, the artist had deserted, under an assumed name, and had baffled all researches. Joseph Mirouet, endowed by Nature with a seductive voice, a fine stature, a pretty figure, and being above all, a musical composer full of taste and of fire, led during fifteen years that bohemian life which the Berlinese Hoffman has so well described. Thus towards his fortieth year, he was a prey to such great mis-

ries, that he was fain to seize, in 1806, the opportunity of reclaiming his French citizenship. He then established himself at Hamburg, where he married the daughter of a staunch citizen, enraptured with music, smitten with the artist whose glory was still in perspective and who wished to consecrate himself to it. But after fifteen years of misfortune, Joseph Mironet found the wine of opulence too strong for him ; his natural extravagance overcame him, and while making his wife happy, he spent her fortune in a few years. Misery returned. The household must have come to the most painful straits, for Joseph Mironet to have engaged as musician in a French regiment. In 1813, by one of the greatest chances, the surgeon-major of this regiment, struck by this name of Mironet, wrote to Dr. Minoret towards whom he had obligations. The answer was prompt. In 1814, before the capitulation of Paris, Joseph Mironet had there an asylum, where his wife died in giving birth to a little girl, whom the doctor wished to call Ursula, the name of his wife. The musician did not survive the mother, exhausted like her with fatigues and miseries. In dying, the unfortunate musician bequeathed his daughter to the doctor, who served as her godfather, notwithstanding his repugnance for what he called the mummeries of the Church. After having seen his children successively perish by miscarriages, or during their first year, the doctor had awaited the effect of a last experience.

The last, conceived after two years of repose, had died during the year 1792, a victim to the nervous state of the mother,—if those physiologists are in the right who think that in the inexplicable phenomenon of generation, the child holds to the father by the blood and to the mother by the nervous system.

Obliged to renounce the enjoyments of the most powerful sentiment of his nature, beneficence was, doubtless, for the doctor, a consolation for his disappointed paternity. During his conjugal life, so cruelly agitated, the doctor had above all desired a little blonde girl, one of those flowers that make the joy of a household ; he accepted then thankfully the legacy that Joseph Mironet made him, and revived upon this orphan the hopes of his vanished dreams. During two years, he assisted as Cato formerly for Pompey, at the most minute details of Ursula's life ; he would not have the nurse give her to suck, raise her or put her to bed, without him. His experience, his science, all was at the service of this child. After having felt the pains, the alternatives of fear and

hope, the labors and joys of a mother, he had the happiness of seeing in this daughter of blonde Germany and of the French artist, a vigorous life, a profound sensibility. The pleased old man followed with a mother's sentiments the growth of her blonde tresses, first down, then silk, then hair, light and fine, so caressing to the fingers that caress them. He often kissed her little naked feet, whose toes covered with a pellicle beneath which the blood is seen, resembling rose-buds. He was beside himself about this little one. When she tried to speak, or when she bent her fine blue eyes, so mild, on objects, with that dreamy look that seems to be the dawn of thought, and which she ended with a smile, he often remained before her during whole hours, seeking with Jordy the reasons, which so many others call caprices, hidden under the least phenomena of that delicious phase of life in which the child is at once a flower and a fruit ; a confused intelligence, a perpetual movement, a violent desire. The beauty of Ursula, her gentleness, rendered her so dear to the doctor, that he would have wished to change for her the laws of Nature, and he sometimes confessed to old Jordy that his teeth ached when Ursula was cutting hers. When old men do love children, they set no bounds to their passion — they adore them. For those little beings they suppress their manias, and for them they remember all their past. Their experience, their indulgence, their patience, all the acquisitions of life, that treasure so painfully amassed, they deliver it to that young life by which they grow young again, and then supply maternity by intelligence. Their wisdom, always awakened, is worth the mother's intuition ; they recall those delicacies of behavior which in her are divination, and carry them into the exercise of a compassion, the force of which is developed doubtless in proportion to the immense weakness of its object. The slowness of their movements replaces the maternal gentleness. Finally, with them, as with the children, life is reduced to simplicity, and if sentiment renders the mother a slave, the detachment from all passion and the absence of all interest permit the old man to devote himself entirely. Thus it is not rare to see children come to an understanding with old persons.

The old soldier, the old curate, the old doctor, happy in the caresses and coquettings of Ursula, never wearied of answering or of playing with her. Far from making them impatient, the petulance of this child charmed them, and they satisfied all her desires by making every thing a subject of instruction. Thus this little

one grew up, surrounded with old persons who smiled on her and behaved like several mothers around her, equally attentive and provident. Thanks to this education, Ursula's soul developed itself into the sphere that suited it. This rare plant met with its special soil, aspired the elements of its true life, and assimilated the floods of its sunshine.

"In what religion will you raise this little one?" asked the Abbé Chaperon of Minoret, when Ursula was six years old.

"In yours," replied the doctor.

Atheist, after the fashion of M. de Wolmar in the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, he did not recognize in himself the right to deprive Ursula of the benefits offered by the Catholic Religion.

The doctor, seated on a bank below the window of the Chinese Cabinet, then felt his hand pressed by the hand of the curate.

"Yes, curate, whenever she speaks to me of God, I will send her to her friend *Sapron*," said he, imitating the infantine speech of Ursula. "I wish to know whether the Religious Sentiment is innate. Thus I have done nothing for or against the tendencies of this young soul, but I have already named you in my heart as her spiritual father."

"This will be counted to you by God, I hope," replied the Abbé Chaperon, striking his hands gently together and raising them towards Heaven, as if he were making a short mental prayer.

Thus from the age of six, the little orphan fell under the religious power of the curate, as she had already fallen under that of his old friend Jordy.

The captain, formerly a professor in one of the old military schools, occupied, by predilection, with grammar and the differences among the European tongues, had studied the problem of a universal language. This learned man, patient like all the old masters, found delight then in teaching Ursula to read and write, in teaching her the French language, and what she ought to know of calculation. The doctor's well-stocked library permitted him to select such books as might be read by a child, and such as might amuse while instructing her. The soldier and the curate left this intellect to enrich itself with the same ease and liberty that the doctor left to the body. Ursula learned at her plays. Religion contained reflection. Abandoned to the Divine culture of a nature led into pure regions by those three prudent instructors, Ursula leaned more towards sentiment than towards duty, and took as the

rule of her conduct the voice of her conscience, rather than the social law. With her, the beautiful in sentiment and in action must be spontaneous : the judgment would confirm the impulse of the heart. She was destined to do good as a pleasure, before doing it as an obligation. This shade is peculiar to Christian education. These principles, quite other than those to be impressed on men, suited a woman, the genius and conscience of the family, the secret elegance of domestic life, indeed, the almost queen in the bosom of the household. All three proceeded in the same manner with this child. Far from withdrawing before the audacities of innocence, they explained to Ursula the end of things and the known means, never formulizing to her other than just ideas. When, about an herb, a flower, a star, she went straight to God, the professor and the doctor told her that the priest alone could answer her : not one of them encroached on the other's ground. The godfather took care for all the material well-being and things of this life ; the intellectual culture belonged to Jordy ; morals, metaphysics, and all high questions belonged to the curate.

This fine education was not, as often happens in the richest houses, contradicted by imprudent servants. *La Bougival*, admonished on this subject, and besides, too simple of mind and character to interfere, did not derange the work of these great minds. Ursula, a privileged creature, had then around her three good geni to whom her lovely nature rendered every task easy and light.

This virile tenderness, this gravity tempered by smiles, this liberty without danger, this perpetual care for the soul and the body, made of her at the age of nine a charming and accomplished child.

Unfortunately, this paternal trinity was broken. In the following year, the old captain died, leaving the doctor and the curate to continue his work, after having accomplished the most difficult part. Flowers ought to spring up of themselves in a soil so well prepared. The gentleman had, during nine years, economized one thousand francs each year, in order to bequeath ten thousand francs to his little Ursula, that she might preserve a remembrance of him all her life. In his will he invited his legatee to employ exclusively for her toilet the four or five hundred francs income which this little capital brought her. When the magistrate set the seals in the house of his old friend, there was found in a closet which he had never let any body enter, a great quantity of playthings, many

of which were broken, and all of which had been used ; playthings of the past time, piously preserved, and which M. Bougrand was to burn, himself, at the request of the good captain. Towards this epoch, she was to make her first communion. The Abbé Chaperon employed a whole year in the instruction of this pupil, for whom the heart and the intelligence, so developed, but so prudently sustained by each other, required a peculiar spiritual aliment. Such was this initiation into the knowledge of divine things, that since the epoch when the soul takes its religious form Ursula had become the pious and mystical young girl whose character was always above events, and whose heart dominated all adversity. Then it was, also, that there secretly began, between this incredulous old age, and this childhood full of faith, a struggle long unknown to her that provoked it, but the result of which occupied the whole town, and was to have a serious influence over Ursula's future, by setting against her the collateral heirs of the doctor.

During the first six months of the year 1824, Ursula passed nearly all her mornings at the presbytery. The old doctor divined the intentions of the curate. The priest wished to make of Ursula an invincible argument. The incredulous man, loved by his god-daughter as by an only daughter, would believe in the candor, would be seduced by the touching effects of religion in the soul of a child whose love resembled those trees of Indian climes always loaded with flowers and fruits, always green and always balmy. A beautiful life is more powerful than the most vigorous reasoning. We can not resist the charms of certain images. Thus the doctor's eyes were moist with tears without his knowing why, when he saw the daughter of his heart setting out for church, dressed in a robe of white crape, with white satin shoes, decked with white ribands, her head girt with a *bandelitte royale* attached upon the side with a large knot, the thousand ringlets of her hair flowing over the swell of her shoulders, like flowers on snow, her corsage bordered with a pointed frill, adorned with comets, her eyes starry with a first hope, flying grand and happy to a first union, loving her godfather better since she had raised herself up to God. When he perceived the thought of eternity giving sustenance to this soul, up to that time in the lymbo of childhood, as after the night the Sun gives light to the Earth, always, without knowing why, he was troubled in remaining alone at home. Seated on the steps

of his porch, he kept his eyes long fixed upon the wicket, between the bars of which his pupil had disappeared, saying to him, "God-father, why do n't you come? I shall not then be happy without you." Although shaken to its roots, still the pride of the encyclopedist did not yet bend. He directed his walk, however, so as to see the procession of the communicants, and distinguished his little Ursula, glowing with exaltation, beneath the veil. She raised on him an inspired look which opened in the stony part of his heart the corner closed to God. But the deist held firm; he said to himself: "Mummeries! To imagine that if there exist an artificer of the worlds, this organizer of the infinite should occupy himself with these frivolities!" * * * *

He laughed, and continued his walk upon the heights which overlook the road to Gatinais, where the bells, rung in chimes, diffused afar the joy of families.

The noise of backgammon is insupportable to those who do not understand this game, one of the most difficult that is played. In order not to annoy his pupil, who, from the exceeding delicacy of her organs and nervous system, could not hear without suffering those moves and that language the meaning of which was unknown to her, the old Jordy, in his lifetime, and the doctor, always waited for their child to be in bed, or out walking. It happened, often enough, that the game was going on when Ursula returned: she then resigned herself with infinite grace, and sat with her work near the window. She felt a repugnance towards this game, the first appreciations of which are indeed dry and inaccessible to many minds, and so difficult to be mastered that, if the habit be not acquired while young, it is almost impossible to learn it afterwards. Now, the evening of her first communion, when Ursula returned to her guardian, alone for this evening, she placed the backgammon-board before the old man:

"Let us see who shall have the first move," said she.

"Ursula," replied the doctor, "is it not a sin to make fun of your godfather on the day of your first communion?"

"I am in earnest," said she, taking her seat; "I owe myself to your pleasures — you who protect all mine. When M. Chaperon was satisfied with me, he would give me a lesson in backgammon, and he gave me so many that I am able to beat you. . . . You shall not put restraint upon yourself any more on my account.

I have conquered all the difficulties, so as not to stand in the way of your pleasures, and now the noise of backgammon pleases me."

Ursula won. The curate came in to surprise the players, and to enjoy his triumph. The next day, Minoret, who, until then, had refused to let his pupil learn music, repaired to Paris; bought a piano there, made arrangements, at Fontainebleau, with a music-mistress, and submitted to the annoyance which the continual practising of his pupil must cause him. One of the predictions of the late Jordy, the phrenologist, was realized: the little girl became an excellent musician. The guardian, proud of his god-daughter, now called from Paris, once a week, an old German, named Smucke, a learned professor of music, and met the expenses of this art, at first regarded by him as useless in the family. Skeptics do not love music—that celestial language developed by Catholicism, which has taken the names of the seven notes in one of its hymns: each note is the first syllable of one of the seven verses of the hymn to St. John. The impression produced upon the old man by Ursula's first communion, although vivid, was transient. The calm, the contentment, which the works of resolution and prayer diffused in this young soul, were, also, examples without force for him. Without any subject of remorse or of repentance, Minoret enjoyed perfect serenity. In accomplishing his benefits, without hope of a celestial harvest, he found himself greater than the Catholic, whom he always reproached with practising usury with God.

"But," said the Abbé Chaperon to him, "if men would all make this kind of trade, confess that society would be perfect, there would be no more unfortunates. To be beneficent after your fashion, one must be a great philosopher; you raise yourself to your doctrine by reasoning, you are a social exception; while it suffices to be a Christian in order to be beneficent in ours. With you, it is an effort; with us, it is natural."

"Which means to say, curate, that I think, and that you feel; that is all."

At her twelfth year, however, Ursula, in whom the tact and address natural to woman were exercised by a superior education, and whose sense, in all its flower, was enlightened by the religious spirit,—of all the kinds of spirit the most delicate,—understood, at last, that her godfather believed neither in a future, nor in

the immortality of the soul, nor in a providence, nor in God. Pressed with questions by the innocent creature, it was impossible for the doctor longer to conceal this fatal secret. The candid consternation of Ursula at first made him smile; but, in seeing her sometimes sad, he understood all that this sadness revealed of affection for him. Absolute tenderness has a horror of every kind of discord, even in ideas that are not shared. Sometimes the doctor lent himself, as to caresses, to the reasons of his adoptive daughter — spoken in a gentle and tender voice, exhaled by a sentiment the most ardent and pure.

Believers and skeptics speak two different tongues, and can never understand each other. The goddaughter, in pleading the cause of God, maltreated her godfather, as a spoiled child sometimes maltreats its mother.

The curate gently blamed Ursula, and told her that God reserved to himself the humbling of these superb minds. The young girl answered the Abbé Chaperon, that David had laid Goliath low.

This religious difference, these regrets of the child who sought to draw her guardian towards God, were the only troubles of this interior life, so sweet and so full, concealed from the eyes of the little curious village. Ursula grew up, developed, became the modest and Christian girl whom Désiré had admired, as she came out of Church. The culture of flowers in the garden, music, the pleasures of her tutor, and all the little cares that Ursula rendered him — for she had relieved La Bougival in occupying herself about him — filled the hours, the days, the months, of this calm existence. Nevertheless, a year since, certain troubles of Ursula's had disquieted the doctor; but their cause having been foreseen, he contented himself with paying greater attention to her health. This sagacious observer did not fail, however, to suspect that these troubles had also their passional echo. He espied his pupil maternally; saw no one about her worthy of inspiring her love, and his anxiety subsided.

CHAPTER II.

About one month before the day when this drama commences, there happened, in the doctor's intellectual life, one of those facts which plough the very *tuf*, the field of convictions, and upturn it.

But this fact requires a succinct relation of some events of his medical career, which will give, moreover, a new interest to this history.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century, science was as profoundly divided by the appearance of Mesmer, as was art by that of Gluck. After having re-discovered magnetism, Mesmer came to France; whither, from time immemorial, inventions have hastened to obtain the legitimization of their discoveries. France, thanks to her clear language, is, in a manner, the trumpet of the world.

"If Homœopathy arrive at Paris, it is saved," said Hannemann, lately.

"Go to France," said M. de Metternich to Gall, "and if they laugh at your bumps there, you will be illustrious."

Mesmer had then adepts and antagonists, as ardent as the Piccinists against the Gluckists. Learned France was stirred; a great opening was presented. Before the decree, the Faculty of Medicine had proscribed, in mass, the pretended charlatanism of Mesmer, his trough, his conducting-wires, and his theories. But, it must be said, this German, unfortunately, compromised his magnificent discovery by enormous pecuniary pretensions. Mesmer succumbed to the uncertainty of facts; to the ignorance of the part played in nature by the imponderable fluids, then unobserved, and by his inaptitude to appreciate the threefold faces of his science.*

Magnetism has more than one application, and, in the hands of Mesmer, it was what the principle is to its effects. But, if the finder did lack genius, it is sad for human reason and for France to have to confess that a science contemporaneous with societies, equally cultivated by Egypt and by Chaldea, by Greece and by India, experienced in Paris, in the eighteenth century, the fate which truth had met in the person of Galileo, in the sixteenth; and that magnetism was there repulsed at once by religionists and materialist philosophers, equally alarmed.

Magnetism, the favorite science of Jesus, and one of the divine powers remitted to the apostles, did not seem to have been any more expected by the Church than by the disciples of Rousseau

* The medical, by its action on the organism; the ultramundane, by the intercourse which it permits with spirits; the utilitarian, by its extension of the senses upon our own plane of life: or else, the atmospheric, or static, voltaic, or galvanic, and the animal forms of magnetic electricity.—Tr.

and Voltaire, of Locke and Condillac. Neither the encyclopedia nor the clergy could accommodate itself to this old human power, which seemed so new. The miracles of the convulsionaries, stifled by the Church and by the indifference of the learned, notwithstanding the precious writings of Counsellor Carré of Montgeron, were a first summons to experiments on human fluids, susceptible of annulling by interior forces the pains caused by external agents. But it would have been necessary to recognize the existence of fluids, intangible, invisible, imponderable—three negations in which the science of that day could see only a definition of vacuum. In modern philosophy, no vacuum exists. Six feet of void, and the world crumbles. Especially for the materialists the world is full: all is connected, enchained, and works by machinery. "The world," says Diderot, "as an effect of chance, is more explicable than God. The multiplicity of causes, and the immeasurable number of throws which chance supposes, explain the creation. Given the *Æneid*, and all the characters necessary to its composition, if you leave me time and space, by dint of throwing up the letters, I will obtain the combination *Æneid*." Those unfortunates who deified everything rather than admit God, also drew back before that infinite divisibility of matter which is implied by the nature of imponderable forces. Locke and Condillac then retarded, for fifty years, the immense progress now being made by the natural sciences under that thought of unity due to the great Geoffroy Saint Hilaire. Some upright men, without a system, convinced by facts conscientiously studied, persevered in the doctrines of Mesmer, which recognized in Man the existence of a penetrating influence prevailing between man and man, set at work by the will, curative by the abundance of the fluid, and the play of which constitutes a duel between two wills—between an evil to be cured, and the will to cure it.

The phenomena of somnambulism, hardly suspected by Mesmer, were due to MM. de Puysegur and Deleuze; but the Revolution set a pause to these discoveries, and gave the upper hand to the learned and to the jesters. Among the small number of believers were some physicians. These were persecuted by their confrères as long as they lived. The respectable corps of physicians of Paris displayed, against the mesmerians, the acerbity of religious wars, and was as cruel in its hatred against them as it was possible to be, in this age of Voltairian toleration.

The orthodox doctors refused to consult with doctors who held to the mesmeric heresy. In 1820, they were still the objects of tacit proscription. The misfortunes, the storms of the Revolution did not extinguish this scientific hatred. There are but priests, magistrates, and physicians, to hate thus. The robe is always terrible. But should not ideas be more implacable than things?

Doctor Bouvard, a friend of Minoret, adhered to the new faith, and persevered until death in the science to which he had sacrificed the repose of his life; for he was one of the black sheep of the Faculty of Paris. Minoret, one of the most valiant upholders of the Encyclopedia, the most formidable adversaries of Deslous, the prevost of Mesmer, and whose pen had a great power in this quarrel, not only broke all connection with his old companion—he did worse, he persecuted him. His conduct towards Bouvard was the only cause of repentance that might disturb the calm of his declining years.

Since Doctor Minoret's retreat to Nemours, the science of the imponderable fluids, the only name that befits magnetism—so strictly linked by the nature of its phenomena with light and electricity—was making immense progress, notwithstanding the continual raileries of Parisian science. Phrenology and Physiognomy, twin sciences of Gall and of Lavater, and which are to each other as the cause to the effect,* demonstrated to the eyes of more than one physiologist the traces of the unseizable fluid, basis of the phenomena of the human will, and whence result the passions, the habits, the forms of the face, and those of the cranium. Finally, the magnetic facts, the miracles of somnambulism, those of divination and of ecstasy, which permit us to penetrate into the spiritual world, were accumulating.

The strange story of the apparitions of the Farmer Martin, so well authenticated, and the interview of this peasant with Louis XVIII. ; the knowledge of Swedenborg's relations with the dead, so firmly established in Germany; the narratives of Walter Scott on the effects of the *second sight*; the exercise of prodigious faculties by certain *fortune tellers*, who blend in one science cheiromancy, cartomancy, and the horoscope; the facts of catalepsy and the properties of the diaphragm revealed by certain morbid affections—these phenomena, at least curious, all emanating from

* Because not only the play, but the formation of the features depends upon the action of the cerebral organs.—Tr.

the same source, sapped many doubts, and led the most indifferent to the ground of experiment.

Minoret was ignorant of this intellectual movement, so great in northern Europe, still so feeble in France, where there occurred, nevertheless, facts qualified as marvelous by superficial observers, and which fall like stones to the bottom of the sea, amid the whirl of Parisian events.

In the beginning of this year, the repose of the anti-mesmerian was disturbed by the following letter :

" My old Comrade :

" All friendship, even lost, has rights which can not well be set aside. I know that you still live, and I remember less our enmity than our fine days at the shanty of St. Julien le Pauvre. As I draw near the time of leaving this world, I am anxious to prove to you that magnetism is going to constitute one of the most important of the sciences ; if, indeed, Science is not to be *one*. I can overthrow your incredulity, by positive proofs. Perhaps I shall owe to your curiosity the pleasure of once more clasping your hand, as we clasped each other's before Mesmer's time. Ever yours, BOUVARD.

Stung like a lion by a gadfly, the anti-mesmerian bounded to Paris, and left his card on old Bouvard, who lived Rue Férou, near St. Sulpice. Bouvard answered by a card, at his hotel, writing, " To-morrow, at nine, Rue St. Honoré, in front of l'Assumption." Minoret, young again, did not sleep ; he called on the old physicians of his acquaintance, and asked them if the world were upset ; if medicine had a school, and whether the four faculties survived. The physicians assured him that the old spirit of resistance continued ; only that instead of persecuting, the Académie de Médecine and Académie des Sciences puffed with laughter, in ranging the magnetic facts among the surprises of Comus, of Compte, of Bosco, in juggleries, prestidigitation, and what is called the Amusements of Physics. This did not prevent old Minoret from keeping his appointment with Bouvard. After forty-four years of enmity, the two antagonists met under a carriage-way of the street St. Honoré. The French are too continually diverted to hate each other long and deeply. In Paris, especially, facts extend space too much, and make life too vast in politics, literature, and science, for men not to find there countries to conquer in which their pretensions can reign at ease. Hatred requires so much force always armed, that it becomes necessary to hate in companies, when we want to hate long. Memory is a faculty

which, in its higher degrees, belongs only to corporations. Thus, after forty-four years, Robespierre and Danton embraced. Each of the two doctors, however, reserved his hand. Bouvard first said to Minoret: "You are looking admirably well."

"Yes, not amiss; and you?" asked Minoret, the ice once broken.

"I, as you see.

"Does magnetism hinder folks from dying?" asked Minoret, in a tone of levity, but without bitterness.

"No: but it has nearly hindered me from living."

"You are not rich, then?"

"Bah!"

"Well, I am rich, myself!"

"I do not want your fortune, but your conviction. Come, then."

"Oh! you obstinate fellow," exclaimed Minoret.

The mesmerian drew the skeptic along into a staircase, rather dark, and, with due precautions, up to the fourth story.

[To be continued.]

THE CATHOLIC CHAPTER.

SELF-SURRENDER.

THE heart is a small thing, but desireth great matters. It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner; yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.

Quoted from Hugo de Anima.

Every excessive desire either blinds us to some duty, or makes us deaf to its call.

A great step is gained, when a child has learned that there is no necessary connection between liking a thing and doing it.

Hare.

Higher considerations have taught us the God *Wish* is not the true God.

Carlyle.

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.

Sterling.

Self-will is so ardent and active, that it will break a world to pieces to make a stool to sit on.

Cecil.

The only way of setting the will free is to deliver it from wilfulness. *Hare.*

St. Augustin says, "We are all nothing other than Wills." And he cites the instance of the good and bad angels, of whom the nature is the same, the will different. *Ages of Faith.*

The Virtue of Paganism was strength; the Virtue of Christianity is Obedience. *Hare.*

The Scripture, and the Faith and the Truth say, Sin is naughty else, but that the creature turneth away from the unchangeable Good, and betaketh itself to the changeable; that is to say, that it turneth away from the Perfect, to "that which is in part" imperfect, and most often to itself. Now mark: when the creature claimeth for its own anything good, such as Substance, Life, Knowledge, Power, and, in short, whatever we should call good, as if it were that, or possessed that, or that were itself, or that proceeded from it, — as often as this cometh to pass, the creature goeth astray. What did the devil do else, or what was his going astray and his fall else, but that he claimed for himself to be also somewhat, and would have it that somewhat was his, and somewhat was due to him? This setting up of a claim, and his I, and Me, and Mine, these were his going astray, and his fall, and thus it is to this day.

What else did Adam do but this same thing. It is said it was because Adam ate the apple that he was lost, or fell. I say, it was because of his claiming something for his own, and because of his I, Mine, Me, and the like. Had he eaten seven apples, and yet never claimed anything for his own, he would not have fallen; but as soon as he called something his own, he fell, and would have fallen had he never touched an apple. *Theologia Germanica.*

Simplicity is an uprightness of soul that has no reference to itself; it is different from sincerity, and it is a still higher virtue. We see many people who are sincere without being simple; they only wish to pass for what they are, and they are unwilling to appear what they are not; they are always thinking of themselves, measuring their words, and recalling their thoughts, and reviewing their actions, from the fear that they have done too much or too little. These persons are sincere, but they are not simple; they are not at ease with others, and others are not at ease with them; they are not free, ingenuous, natural; we prefer people who are less correct, less perfect, and who are less artificial. This is the deci-

sion of man, and it is the judgment of God, who would not have us so occupied with ourselves, and thus, as it were, always arranging our features in a mirror.

Fenelon.

That heart where I had formerly detected in their secret places so many evil motives, was now, so far as I was enabled to perceive, made pure. Whenever a "*self-reflective*" thought was present to my mind, — that is to say, a thought reflective upon any subject in its relation to my personal interests, in its relation to *self* — in the selfish sense, it was instantly rejected; and a curtain, as if by some ever-present but invisible hand, was drawn in the soul before it. I no longer felt myself obliged to say that, "when I would do good, evil was present with me!" Doing good was now my nature.

Upham's Life of Madame Guyon.

A king said to a holy man, "Are you ever thinking of me?" "Yes," said he, "at such times as I am forgetting God Almighty."

Sadi.

The time has come when you are not only to retire *within* yourself, but to retire *from* yourself.

Fenelon.

Buffon says that the elephant (whose name means partaker of reason) is very fond of praise and caresses, and can bear them, and by this the Brahmins know it is superior to man.

We all need resistance to our errors on every side. "Woe unto us when all men speak well of us!" and woe unto us, when all men shall give way to us!

Henry Taylor.

We must follow Providence, not force it.

Shakspeare.

The praises of others may be of use, in teaching us not what we are, but what we ought to be.

Hare.

Vanity, after Pride, is the most universal, perhaps the most fatal of all sins, fretting the whole depth of our humanity into storm, "to waft a feather or to drown a fly."

Ruskin.

I remember that, in my early youth, I was overmuch religious and vigilant, and scrupulously pious and abstinent. One night I sat up in attendance on my father, on whom be God's mercy, — never closed my eyes during the whole night, and held the precious Koran open on my lap, while the company around were fast asleep. I said to my father, "Not an individual of these will raise his head, that he may perform his genuflections, or ritual of prayer; but they are all so sound asleep that you might conclude

they were dead." He replied: "O emanation of your father, you also had better have slept, than that you should thus calumniate the failings of mankind."

Sadi.

Self-love exaggerates our faults as well as our virtues.

Gothe.

The souls of the Sons of God are greater than their business; and they are thrown out, not to do a certain work, but to be a certain thing; to have some sacred lineaments, to show some divine tint, of the Parent Mind from which they come. Martineau.

That no one can enter the kingdom of heaven without becoming a *little child*, guileless and simple-minded, we all know; but behind and after this is a mystery which thou, O Reader, must take to heart. If thy soul is to go on into higher spiritual blessedness, it must become a *Woman*; yes, however manly thou be among men. It must learn to love being dependent; and must lean on God, not solely from distress or alarm, but because it does not like independence or loneliness. It must not have recourse to Him merely as a friend in need, under the strain of duty, the battering of affliction, and the failure of human sympathy; but it must press toward Him when there is *no* need.

In claiming a *personal* relation with God, nothing *exclusive* is intended; nay, he who thus learns that he is loved by God, learns simultaneously that all other men and creatures are also loved. That is an important lesson for the man's external action — indeed, is a foundation of universal love in the soul; but its inward movements towards God proceeds exactly as if there were no other creatures beside itself in the universe. Thus the discovery that *it loves* and *is loved in turn*, produces sensible Joy; in some natures very powerful, in all imparting cheerfulness, hope, vivacity. The personal relation sought is discerned and felt. The Soul understands and knows that God is *her* God; dwelling with her more closely than any creature can; yea, neither Stars, nor Sea, nor smiling Nature, hold God so intimately as the bosom of the Soul. It no longer seems profane to say, "God is my bosom friend; God is for me, and I am for Him." So Joy bursts into Praise, and all things look brilliant; and hardship seems easy, and duty becomes delight, and contempt is not felt, and every morsel of bread is sweet.

F. W. Newman.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Echoes of Harper's Ferry. By JAMES REDPATH. Boston: Thayer & Eldridge. 1860.

It is said that once a Minstrel came to King Arthur's Court, bearing a mantle which was an infallible test of the virtue of any one who might put it on. The King ordered that all in his Court should try on the mantle; and, alas, it shriveled and refused to cover many of the proudest of the nobility. Queen Guinevere herself was shamed in the presence of the Court.

The story is repeated wherever a deed of moral heroism is done. Heroism comes upon the conventional world so suddenly, its lightning is so intense, that the foul and evil things have not time to put on their cosmetics, their Sunday clothes, their unctuous smiles. How little did Slavery, Guinevere of the Court, wedded to Liberty, "flower of kings," suspect the terrible man with the mantle! Thus Wendell Phillips puts it: "Governor Wise says, 'The most resolute man I ever saw; the most daring, the coolest. I would trust his truth about any question. The sincerest!'" Sincerity, courage, resolute daring, beating in a heart that feared God, and dared all to help his brother to liberty — Virginia has nothing, nothing for these qualities but a scaffold!"

Then what a stern test of the South, so noisy of late years with its prowess and power, has this John Brown been! The South, invincible where an encounter must be had with a Yankee peddler in the Carolinas, untiring where a fugitive is to be cornered in a swamp, Thermopylean when a pinioned Senator is to be assassinated in the Senate Chamber, stands forth a Rosalind:

A gallant cuttle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside.

Taken unawares, Virginia's cuttle-axe rattled against trembling knees, her spear fell from a fear-paralyzed hand. For nearly a week, John Brown, with only twenty-one men beside him, personified the Virginia arms, standing with the sword of George Washington in his hand, his foot upon the neck of cowering Slavery! Wherever afterward he was placed, whether bleeding in a Court-room, sleeping on straw in a prison, or on the scaffold, the solar eye of the world will forever hold him daguerreotyped there with Washington's sword in his hand, Slavery under his feet, *Sic semper tyrannis* over his head. John Brown having thus conquered Virginia's Coat of Arms to himself, Redpath has been cruel enough to give that State another in this book — to wit: a cow trampling a negro-driver. We do not mean, however, in anything we have said, to intimate that the Sons of the South are personally without courage. We must make, in the cause of truth, another quotation from the representative orator of this age, Mr. Wendell Phillips: "The South are not cowards. They were brave enough, but they saw afar off. They saw the tremendous power that was entering into that charmed circle; they knew its inevitable victory. They did not tremble at an old gray-headed man at Harper's Ferry: they trembled at a John Brown in every man's own conscience. He had been there many years, and, like that terrific scene which Beckford has drawn for us in his *Hall of Ebbis*, where the crowd runs around, each man with an incurable wound in his bosom, and agrees not to speak of it; so the South has been running up and down its political and social life, and

every man keeps his right hand pressed on the secret and incurable sore, with an understood agreement, in Church and State, that it shall never be mentioned, for fear the great ghastly fabric shall come to pieces at the talismanic word."

In this volume of little more than 500 pages, we have the most living thoughts and most eloquent words which have been uttered in this century. The heroism of John Brown was a signal for all thinkers, scholars, teachers, prophets, to rise to the summits of their Sinais, Horebs, Pisgahs, Thabors and Calvarys. Here are the lightnings of the Law of God; here are visions of promised lands; here are the transfigurations of Genius. Emerson, Phillips, Parker, Thoreau, Victor Hugo, Cheever, Beecher, Whittier, Clarke, Furness — these, and a hundred others, gladly became pens and pencils that John Brown's Deed-Epic might be fitly reported to Humanity. Their thunders are here: here are their lava-streams which shall cool only to enrich, as lava does the vines, the clusters of God's Western vineyard.

Every nation must write its own Bible. America has written its Genesis: Concord and Bunker Hill are chapters in it. John Brown has opened the Book of Exodus. He has written every poem, address or discourse in this thrilling volume. When we think of this brave old man, over-riding all rational methods, with nothing right in his plan, except his perfect truth; of his life and death; the lines of Wordsworth seem to rise as his fit epitaph:

May we not with sorrow say,
A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,
Among the herdsmen of the hills, have wrought
More for mankind at this unhappy day,
Than all the pride of intellect and thought.

Popular Astronomy: A concise Elementary Treatise on the Sun, Planets, Satellites and Comets. By O. M. MITCHELL, LL.D., Director of the Cincinnati and Dudley Observatories. New York: Phinney, Blakeman & Mason. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 1860.

A work of this kind was much needed, and we are not sure that Prof. Mitchell was not about as well calculated for it as any one else. It will be a godsend to many a bored sophomore to exchange the barren technicalities of the Astronomic Horn-books for this spirited and easy-going volume. One who contemplates a careful pursuit of this science, or to whom it is a specialty, can, of course, find many better works on this subject; but those who care for no more than the general facts will find themselves well satisfied with this.

We have, however, several faults to find with the author of this really valuable work: 1. That he did not style himself, on the title-page, "*Nominal* Director of the Cincinnati Observatory," instead of simply "Director;" 2. That he should not have got some one familiar with Lindley Murray to revise this book, so as not to have written (p. 41) that "the sharp outlines of the penumbra surrounding the dark spots, *has* often been seen to cut," etc., and other passages as bad; 3. That he did not put his rhetoric into an appendix; which might have saved his work from such infelicities as the following (p. 66): "The vigorous mind of Copernicus, transferring *himself*, [a vigorous mind, or Copernicus?] in imagination, to the sun," etc., etc.; 4. That he should have the ugly disposition, unworthy of a man of Science, to depreciate the labors of his cotemporaries, as when he leaves on his reader's mind the impression that the discovery of Neptune was a "happy accident"; 5. That he has not subjected his style to a severe pruning, so as to write of Nature with a simplicity as free from affectation as herself.

Mademoiselle Mori: A Tale of Modern Rome. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard. 1860.

Certainly, in Literature at least, Rome is the *eternal* city. The natural refrain of the reader of books in these days is, "I've been roaming, I've been roaming." Hawthorne, Story, Norton and other agreeable writers have opened the year with books about Rome, and their success in discovering matters of profound and universal interest in the old ruins seems likely to inaugurate a Layardism in Letters which shall exhume the whole of the social epoch buried there under the lavas of the advanced and living world.

The present work would have had much more interest if it had preceded "The Marble Faun." Not that the stories are at all alike, or the descriptions at all identical; but there is a limit even to Rome. Yet there was room for a graphic tale founded on the revolutions which inaugurated the reign of Pio Nono — when the rockets mounting up from the popular joy, fell back upon Italy as a rain of fiery arrows. This tale gathers much of its interest from its theme, and from the high view taken of Italian character and destiny; but it has too many threads, too much spun out; it is too much trouble to hold them all. Take from it some ten graphic delineations, and one would be glad to dismiss the rest of it. It is rare that any satisfactory English view of Mazzini and Garibaldi is found; but here it is: they are interpreted, too, not in fine sentiments, but in living, walking characters.

The Pioneers, Preachers and People of the Mississippi Valley. By W. H. MILBURN. New York: Derby & Jackson. Cincinnati: For sale by Rickey, Mallory & Co. 1860.

This is much the best work which Mr. Milburn has yet given the public. It is to a great extent without the conceit and affectation which were so insufferable in "The Rifle, Axe and Saddle Bags," and still more in "Ten Years of Preacher Life." The accounts given in this work of the noble Catholic pioneers of the West are, without adding anything new, remarkable for some fresh and bold outlines not to be met with elsewhere. We are not sure but that the tendency of Mr. Milburn's mind is toward the mythic in our Western Annals; one or two of his stories sound quite Booneish, if not Munchausenish; but men are delineated by their fabulous, no less than their real monuments; and we assure the reader that he will find in this work the most spirited and interesting sketches of De Soto, La Salle, and Marquette; and still more valuable ones of heroes less known.

ORIGIN OF SPECIES—DARWIN'S THEORY.

[We have already given our views of this work. The following sensible criticism has been sent us by a correspondent.—Ed.]

No objection should be made to Mr. Darwin's theory that it contemplates, in the origin of species by means of what he calls *natural selection*, the manifestation of law as unvarying as in their subsequent perpetuation. I can not doubt, however circumscribed our present view, however profound our ignorance, that system and order lie at the foundation of all, as the action of the Creator's will.

Each step in the progress of Science approaches nearer to proving that it is only ignorance which names the phenomena of Nature chance or accident; or would isolate them from a preestablished system of order. We seem to discover, in the distance, that Science will yet prove that there has been no cataclysm in Nature.

Mr. Darwin's theory leaves a God in the material world; for here we see the prevalence of *law*,—and, as Butler says, "what is fixed as such requires and presupposes an intelligent agent to render it so—i. e., to effect it continually, or at stated times—as what is supernatural, or miraculous, does to effect it for once." But the defect of Mr. Darwin's theory, which it has in common with all systems of materialism, is, that it supposes that everything which does not serve a material purpose, is subject only to chance or accident; or, perhaps, that there is nothing existing but that which is of material use. Mr. Darwin states, distinctly, that on the theory of natural selection the various forms of life which we now see are the aggregate of qualities which have been, at some period of the existence of the race, of use in preserving its life; qualities which have been added up through the long process of ages, till they have produced the forms of organic life which we now find in the world. He says: "Nature cares nothing for appearances, except in so far as they may be useful to any being." But we find that Nature does care for appearances, preëminently; often at the expense of material use. The highest types of beauty most often combine with forms least able to withstand the fierce struggle for existence. Over all the world, the effort of creative skill seems as manifest in the production of qualities beautiful, as in those of simply material use. "Nature puts some kind of pleasure," says Thoreau, "before every fruit; not simply a calix behind it."

Let it be supposed, that all the wonderful mechanism of the human frame is the result of *natural selection*,—that even so complicated and marvelously adapted an organ as the eye was developed by the action of outward circumstances, from the mere optic nerve, coated with pigment, as in the Articulata; yet, how shall we account, by the same means, for the shaping of these organs, which *natural selection* could have made only for use in preserving the life of the race, into a form moulded to such perfection of beauty as that which the artist has copied in the statue of Apollo. I think natural selection would give us nothing but Calibans: such forms would be much better fitted to conquer in the great struggle for life. As it is, however, nothing but long continued degradation and oppression suffice to even partially efface the image of God in the human form.

Here, seems to me, the strongest objection to Mr. Darwin's theory—that we find that the same organs which are beneficial to the race, and are of use in preserving its life, yet conform to another standard—governed by other laws—that of beauty. This would be impossible by the theory of natural selection, which could produce only types of form within its own province.

M. B. E.

THE WESTERN CONFERENCE.

QUINCY, ILLINOIS, May, 1860.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:—The annual "Western Unitarian Conference" will be held in this city, commencing Wednesday evening, June 13, and continuing through the following Sabbath. We cordially invite the friends of liberal religious sentiments to join in this free interchange of thought and feeling, and to consult together as to the means of advancing a better conception of Religion and Life. Our homes and hearts will be open to welcome you.

L. BILLINGS, F. BOYD,
R. S. BENSON, E. EVERETT, } Com. Unitarian Society.

Guests, on arrival in the city, will go to the Tremont House, where the committee will receive them.

We trust that the friends of truth and freedom will bear in mind this invitation. Rev. Mr. Billings, in connection with whose society this conference meets, is a brave and true preacher of righteousness; and we feel assured that liberal minds everywhere will find it good to be there. We understand that, among others, James Freeman Clarke and Octavius B. Frothingham will be present.—Ed.